



SPACEPORT FEAR

BY WILLIAM GALLAGHER

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER

Time traveller.

MEL: BONNIE LANGFORD

Time traveller's companion.

ELDER BONES:

(M) 500 years old. Dignified priest of the Economy Class... and go-getting executive boss of the Business Class, too.

NAYSMITH:

(F, late teens/early 20s) Economy tribal initiate.

GALPAN:

(F, 30s) Business militia leader.

ROGERS: (double with LEAD WAILER)

(M, 20s/30s) Business soldier.

PRETTY SWANSON:

(M, late teens/early 20s) Young man from Economy, protected by...

BEAUTY SWANSON: (double with ANNOUNCEMENT/SCREEN VOICE)

(F, 40s-50s) Pretty's mother.

ALSO: ECONOMY MEMBERS; MAD PASSENGER; GAME VOICE.

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PART ONE

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 1: INT. SPACEPORT – CUSTOMS

(FX: HEATHROW AIRPORT AFTER 400 YEARS. SOME EMERGENCY LIGHTING THAT FIZZES. CAVERNOUS ROOM. HYDRAULIC WHEEZE AS DOOR OPENS OFF AND NAYSMITH WALKS IN, WITH PRETTY, THROUGH EXPECTANT CROWD)

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

(EXCITED, AWAITING CEREMONY) Here she comes!/
Good luck, Naysmith!/
Cleared landings, little Naysmith!/
Fancy you, all grown up!

NAYSMITH:

(AS SHE WALKS) Thank you! Thank you! (ASIDE, TO PRETTY) You really won't tell me what's going to happen?

PRETTY:

(WALKING) Can't. Sorry.

NAYSMITH:

Pretty, you're supposed to tell your girlfriend everything. And usually I can't stop you.

PRETTY:

Every initiation task is different. (STOPS) Stand here.

BEAUTY:

(WALKING UP BEHIND) I do hope you're not telling her anything, Pretty.

PRETTY:

No, Mum, I was just saying. You make your task with Elder Bones.

NAYSMITH:

Hello, Mrs Swanson.

BEAUTY:

Beauty, please. I keep saying. Mrs Swanson is so formal.

PRETTY:

(CONTINUING HIS TRAIN OF THOUGHT) And the task is a binding contract.

NAYSMITH:

(A MILD CURSE, LIKE 'SAINTS ALIVE!') Sweet luggage! When did you go over to Business? (RE THE CURSE) Sorry, Mrs Sw—. (CORRECTING HERSELF) Sorry, Beauty.

BEAUTY:

We'll not talk about that Business lot today. We're here to celebrate you, Economy's newest initiate. Are you excited?

NAYSMITH:

(YES) Nervous, too.

BEAUTY:

You'll be fine.

(FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN AHEAD)

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

He's here!
Elder Bones!

(AS ELDER BONES STRIDES TOWARDS THEM:)

NAYSMITH:

(HUSHED) It's time. How do I look?

PRETTY:

(HUSHED) Terrified.

NAYSMITH:

(HUSHED) Thanks. What do I see in you again?

PRETTY:

(HUSHED) It's a mystery.

ELDER BONES:

(STOPPING, CLEARING HIS THROAT, THEN: LOUDLY) We begin.

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

(BY ROTE) We welcome Elder Bones.

ELDER BONES:

Your welcome is received. Those of you with candles, step closer so that all might see. Give a light to our young initiate. (TO NAYSMITH) What is your name?

NAYSMITH:

I am Naysmith, sir. I stand ready to face [the tasks that await me]

ELDER BONES:

Not quite yet, my dear. But I admire your eagerness.

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

(SNICKER)

ELDER BONES:

(TO ALL) Now, now. This is a big day for little Naysmith. And this is a big place for her to choose her future. This is a most special room. Our ancestors knew this, even when all this was a working spaceport. (DARKLY) Before the coming of the Wailer. (BACK TO NORMAL) Our ancestors knew the importance of tradition. They named this place after those traditions. They called it... "Customs". Initiate?

NAYSMITH:

Sir.

ELDER BONES:

You have been taught the Customs of Economy?

NAYSMITH:

Sir. I travel light, I have learned to live on little liquids.

ELDER BONES:

As each of you reaches your twentieth year, so you make your decision. It's been some time since I was twenty –

(PAUSES FOR – AND GETS – THE POLITE LAUGH HE'S EXPECTING)

ELDER BONES:

And in all my time here, I have seen much, I have guided many generations. But this is the day I most look forward to. A new soul leaves childhood and takes their place in our community – if they are able, if they are ready. (PROMPTING) Now, Naysmith.

NAYSMITH:

Elder Bones, sir, I stand ready to face the task that awaits me.

ELDER BONES:

Friends, schoolmates and family of Naysmith, do you say she is ready?

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

We do, Elder Bones.

ELDER BONES:

(TO NAYSMITH) Come forward, Naysmith. Bring your candle. Hold it high. Regard the paths behind me and the ancient writings above them. Two paths. Two choices. Decide now whether you are truly brave and wish to serve your people, or if you will forever be a passenger. Have you decided?

NAYSMITH:

I have, Elder Bones. I choose to serve my community. I have Something to Declare.

(CROWD APPLAUDS. PRETTY WHISTLES)

BEAUTY:

(URGING, SOTTO VOCE) Go on, Naysmith!

PRETTY:

(SOTTO) Don't hang around!

NAYSMITH:

(TO ELDER BONES) Do I go now, Elder Bones?

ELDER BONES:

Come with me, we'll walk the path together.

(EXIT NAYSMITH AND ELDER BONES)

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

(CHEER THEM OFF)

(FADE)

SCENE 2: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: IN FLIGHT)

DOCTOR:

Mel, not five minutes ago, you told me you wished we could go on racketing about the galaxy forever. Now you want to stop.

MEL:

Not stop, no, just take in the view. All I'm saying is it would be nice to look out every now and then. Travelling through all of time and space and we haven't even got a window.

DOCTOR:

(POINTING) And what exactly would you call that?

MEL:

(SIGHS) A scanner screen, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Well, there you are.

MEL:

And it's shut. My gran put her TV set in a cupboard, too. We missed Andrew and Fergie's wedding because she lost the key.

DOCTOR:

Then let's find you something to look out at. (FX: ACTIVATING SCANNER) Maybe something that lasts.

SCENE 3: INT. CORRIDOR 1

(FX: CORRIDOR 1 IS SMALL, QUIET. CREAKING METAL WALLS, MORE STEAM VENTS. NAYSMITH AND ELDER BONES WALK TO A STOP)

ELDER BONES:

(SLIGHTLY OUT OF BREATH) This is far enough. I'm not as young as I was and we're well clear of Customs now. Blow out your candle, let your eyes adjust.

NAYSMITH:

(BLOWS OUT CANDLE) Sir. Will my task help us all leave the spaceport?

ELDER BONES:

We have many more steps before that glorious day.

NAYSMITH:

They say there's a whole world outside.

ELDER BONES:

Naysmith, let me 'level with you'. The water situation is much worse than is generally known. We will soon have no choice but to take control of the hydroponics garden, and the water mills too.

NAYSMITH:

But Business occupy the gardens.

ELDER BONES:

They do. And Business have the Wailer.

NAYSMITH:

I don't know what I can do. Sir.

ELDER BONES:

You're young and fast and agile. Scout the Business garden, find where they are strongest and report back to me. We have such little time left, you must find us the way so that we can prepare to fight the Business.

NAYSMITH:

Yes, sir.

ELDER BONES:

Look now, can you see along the walls there? That faint glow.

NAYSMITH:

Candles? No, something else.

ELDER BONES:

Emergency strip lights will show you the way. But if Business appears, get out of there, fast. And Naysmith?

NAYSMITH:

Sir?

ELDER BONES:

If you're caught, remember that the nearest way out may be behind you.

NAYSMITH:

Sir.

(SHE WALKS OUT. FADE)

SCENE 4: INT. HYDROPONICS GARDEN

(FX: SURGING WATERMILL, OFF. 'STORM' RUMBLES: THE SPACEPORT IS SURROUNDED BY A FORCEFIELD — AND WE'LL LEARN THAT THE 'STORM' IS THE SOUND OF FORCEFIELD UNDER FIRE. SOUNDS OF ALARM FROM A FEW BUSINESS PEOPLE, OFF)

ROGERS:

(A CURSE) Boarding hell! Not another storm, not now. (CALLING) You two! Leave your duties. I'll guard the water mills — you get to the lounges, stay with the women and children.

GALPAN:

(HURRYING UP) Rogers! Get everybody back to the business lounge.

ROGERS:

Already done it, ma'am. What's happening? The soil farm buckled right in front of me. Burst one of the mills.

GALPAN:

It's not just the soil farm. Everything's straining — the whole garden. The whole spaceport, I shouldn't be surprised. As if the storm is finally going to get through. Are you armed?

ROGERS:

How do we fight a storm with a gun?

GALPAN:

Read the memos, Rogers. Director says Economy's having another initiation. Last thing we need. Is your gun charged?

ROGERS:

(CHECKING IT — A LITTLE HUM OF POWER) Enough. Four greens. We needed the trickle charge plates to power up the repair irons, I'm afraid.

GALPAN:

It'll do. (CHECKS HERS — A SIMILAR HUM) I've got five greens on mine. Now, circle the garden — make sure our people are safe. But be careful.

ROGERS:

I won't go near the vents, ma'am, I can tell you that.

GALPAN:

Circle quickly, let's get the gardens secured and join the others. No Economy kid is going take what's ours.

ROGERS:

(BY ROTE) We share all we have.

GALPAN:

(BY ROTE) But we hold it all for Business.

GALPAN/ROGERS:

(TOGETHER, BY ROTE) We are Shareholders.

GALPAN:

Circuit the garden. I'll go [this way]

(FX: 'STORM' GETS LOUDER; A SOUND OF METAL SHEARING)

ROGERS:

(SOTTO, ALARMED) Ma'am! Get down!

GALPAN:

(SOTTO) Did you see something?

ROGERS:

(SOTTO) By the far vent, maybe.

GALPAN:

(SOTTO) 'Maybe'?

ROGERS:

(SOTTO, BITTERLY) Well I can't see properly, can I? I keep telling them: if we could just divert power to lights, we could see what's going on.

GALPAN:

(SOTTO) Business has survived the darkness for centuries. We don't need the light. Call them.

ROGERS:

(CALLING AHEAD) You there. Business or pleasure?

(BEAT)

GALPAN:

(STANDING UP) False alarm, Rogers. There's nobody there.

ROGERS:

Sorry, ma'am. Storm must be making me jumpy.

(FX: STORM CRACKS CEILING — METAL SHARDS FALL ON HIDING NAYSMITH)

NAYSMITH:

(YELPS, OFF)

ROGERS:

There is someone! Over by the vents! Look!

GALPAN:

An Economy kid! (ALoud) Stay where you are!

NAYSMITH:

(OFF) Oh, sweet luggage. (SHE RUNS)

GALPAN:

You! Stop! (FX: LASER BLAST) (TO ROGERS) Come on! She's getting away! (SHE & ROGERS RUN AFTER NAYSMITH)

SCENE 5: INT. CUSTOMS

(FX: STORM SOUNDS, SLIGHTLY WEAKER)

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

(PANICKED) Never been this bad.
Where is Elder Bones?

PRETTY:

(TO ALL) Okay, everybody! The storm's bad, I know, but it's fading now.

BEAUTY:

(TO ALL) Just stay calm until Elder Bones is back.

PRETTY:

(TO ALL) Let's all sit down and assume Crash Positions!

(FX: A FINAL CRASH OF THUNDER)

SCENE 6: INT. CORRIDOR 2

(FX: THINK OF THOSE AIRPORT CORRIDORS LEADING TO TERMINALS: WIDE, LONG, WITH BRANCHES OFF AND LOTS OF DISPLAY CABINETS AND VENDING MACHINES. NAYSMITH RUNS THROUGH, DODGING AROUND OBSTACLES. WE ARE WITH NAYSMITH.)

GALPAN:

(RUNNING BEHIND, WITH ROGERS. OFF:) There she is! By the machines!

ROGERS:

(OFF) I see her! (FX: FIRES...)

(FX: ONE COKE MACHINE SHATTERS RIGHT BESIDE NAYSMITH)

NAYSMITH:

(YELPS, RUNS ON PAST US)

ROGERS:

(RUNS UP TO US, WITH GALPAN. PANTING.) Nearly got her there.

GALPAN:

(PANTING) Yeah, and what's the Director going to say when he finds you've shot up all the artefacts?

ROGERS:

Cost of doing business, ma'am. Besides, if he wants us to admire his precious "Vending" artefacts, let him switch on some lights so we can see them.

GALPAN:

Come on. She must be heading [towards -]

(FX: DISTANTLY, FROM ARRIVALS - THE ROOM BEYOND - THE TARDIS MATERIALISING)

ROGERS:

What's that noise? The artefacts? (FEAR) It's not... The Wailer, is it?

GALPAN:

Can't be, it came from Arrivals.

SCENE 7: INT. ARRIVALS

(FX: CAVERNOUS BUT EMPTY SPACE. TARDIS MATERIALISATION ENDS, DOOR OPENS)

MEL:

(STEPPING OUT) ... I can't believe it. I really thought they were as strong as Charles and Di.

DOCTOR:

(EMERGING) Yes, well. (STEPS OUT) Oh. It's very dark here, don't you think?

(FX: SHUTS THE TARDIS DOOR)

MEL:

Like a submarine. Red lights. Echoey, too.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING TO TEST THE ECHO) Hello?

(FX: THE WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP OF LIGHTS SWITCHING ON. STADIUM LIGHTS, HUGE - SO BRIGHT THEY'RE BLINDING.)

MEL:

(PAINED) Those lights!

DOCTOR:

Dazzling. Arc lights, and rather a lot of them.

(FX: LIGHTS CONTINUE TO WHOMP ON, GETTING FURTHER AWAY FROM THEM. THE HUGE, HUGE ROOM IS COMING ALIVE)

MEL:

Why do I feel like I should be raising my hands?

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. There is one arrival.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. Twinned with the Dewplayser Cluster, proud sponsor of the Tantane Cathedral Games.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport.

DOCTOR:

Three guesses where we are.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

The red zone is for oxygen-breathers. The white zone is for zero gravity methane-based lifeforms.

MEL:

Let's hope we're in the red zone, then.

SCENE 8: INT. CORRIDOR 2

ROGERS:

(PROCEEDING ALONG CORRIDOR) Who'd dare enter Arrivals?

GALPAN:

(PROCEEDING ALONG CORRIDOR) We'll find out soon. At least the storm's blown over –

(FX: WHUMP-WHOMP – ARC LIGHTS KICKING ON)

ROGERS:

Sweet credit, the lights are coming on!

GALPAN:

I don't believe it –

ROGERS:

You know what this means, ma'am –

GALPAN:

(SUDDENLY) There, by the cola-vend!

NAYSMITH:

(SLIGHTLY OFF, AMAZED) The lights! It's summer...!

ROGERS:

The Economy kid!

NAYSMITH:

... Summer has come back!

GALPAN:

Fire!

(FX: NAYSMITH RUNS AS ROGERS FIRES)

SCENE 9: INT. ARRIVALS

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. We apologise for the delay to your journey.

DOCTOR:

This should be one of the busiest spaceports in the galaxy, yet it seems completely deserted.

MEL:

Not completely. Someone turned on the lights for us.

DOCTOR:

That's a little unexpected, I'll admit. I'm not usually welcomed.

MEL:

Yes, I've learnt that.

DOCTOR:

People warm to me eventually. Most of the time.

MEL:

Of course they do, Doctor. I suppose the lights could have come on automatically. Shall we take a look around?

DOCTOR:

Seems rude not to now. This looks like Arrivals. If this spaceport is still operational, there must be people around somewhere.

(FX: OFF, A SLIDING DOOR OPENS. NAYSMITH RUNS IN)

MEL:

There, for instance. Hello!

NAYSMITH:

(STARTLED) Oh! Who are you?

(FX: THE SLIDING DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HER WITH A SLICE)

NAYSMITH:

Wait! The wall. A hole appeared in the wall! And it's gone again. How did it go?

MEL:

(COMING FORWARD) I'm Mel, and this is the Doctor.

NAYSMITH:

Stay back, I haven't done anything.

MEL:

Nor have we.

NAYSMITH:

Did... did you bring the summer?

DOCTOR:

I have been known to light up a room.

MEL:

(TO NAYSMITH) Usually with his coat of many colours.

NAYSMITH:

(STEPPING FORWARD TO LOOK) Yes, we make our clothes in the dark, too.

DOCTOR:

Charming.

(FX: THE DOOR OPENS BEHIND)

NAYSMITH:

(TO DOCTOR AND MEL) The wall is opening again. Quickly! Hide!

DOCTOR:

I don't hide. From whom should I hide?

GALPAN:

(AT DOOR) Us. My name is Galpan and this is Rogers. Are you Business or Economy?

DOCTOR:

Madam, I am always first class.

MEL:

He means 'hello'! I'm Mel, this is -

ROGERS:

First? (DISTASTE) She's in leisurewear!

GALPAN:

Dissolve them, Rogers.

MEL:

What? No -

(FX: SUDDENLY, A METAL WALL SLIDES ACROSS, CUTTING OFF ROGERS AND GALPAN. IT SOUNDS DIFFERENT FROM THE DOOR.)

MEL:

Oh! I thought we'd had it for a moment!

NAYSMITH:

The walls, they're breathing! One inhales and the other exhales.

MEL:

(TO NAYSMITH) It's just a sliding door. This place must be full of them.

DOCTOR:

(TAPPING WALL) No, it wasn't a door cut us off from our nasty new friends – whoever they were...

NAYSMITH:

They're Business. They like to make their killings look like accidents – but make no mistake, it's merger.

SCENE 10: INT. CORRIDOR 2

(FX: LASER FIRING AT WALL)

GALPAN:

Enough! (THE LASERS STOP) It's pointless, Rogers. It's not even scratching the surface. We may as well save the charge.

ROGERS:

You realise what this means, don't you, ma'am? All the lights, the sounds, everything is back. We've got power again! No ekeing out what we can pull from the garden systems – we can use the recharging plates as much as we like! Get all the guns fully powered.

(FX: FIRES AGAIN, LAUGHING)

GALPAN:

Quit it! (HE STOPS) This has happened before and it doesn't last.

ROGERS:

Not in my lifetime, ma'am – nor, I'll warrant, in yours. Doesn't it make you feel alive?

GALPAN:

My Granddad called it 'Summer'. He never knew why the summer came back, he never knew why it left again. But he was really clear that it doesn't last.

ROGERS:

Can't we stop it going? This is like being outside the spaceport, I don't want to go back to the darkness.

GALPAN:

He said one other thing about Summer: it only happens when strangers arrive.

SCENE 11: INT. ARRIVALS

DOCTOR:

(EXAMINING THE WALL) It's not door, nor a shutter. It's like the whole wall shut. But why, I wonder?

MEL:

To protect us?

NAYSMITH:

They say the walls breathe in summer, Elder Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Just 'Doctor', thanks. (FX: TAPS WALL AGAIN)

MEL:

What's your name?

NAYSMITH:

Naysmith. I'm an Initiate.

DOCTOR:

(NOT INTERESTED) How interesting. (THINKING ALOUD) You know, I would have sworn this was a supporting structural wall. Which makes the fact that it moved a very singular one. But perhaps I've mis-remembered my spaceport design.

MEL:

Surely not.

(FX: ANOTHER WALL MOVING, OFF)

DOCTOR:

There goes another wall. More and more singular.

MEL:

(TO NAYSMITH) Naysmith: who were those men?

NAYSMITH:

I said. They're Business. (PROUD) I'm Economy. Doctor, what is first class?

DOCTOR:

Young lady, it means I am in a class all of my own.

MEL:

Can't argue with that.

(FX: ANOTHER WALL MOVES)

DOCTOR:

There goes another one.

NAYSMITH:

It's not natural.

MEL:

It's fascinating. Like an art installation. As if the walls were trying out new structures. New perspectives. This whole room has changed shape while we've been standing here.

DOCTOR:

And something's gone missing.

MEL:

Missing?

DOCTOR:

There was a little control panel over there, like an information booth. It's now on the other side of that wall.

SCENE 12: INT. CORRIDOR 2

ROGERS:

What is it, ma'am?

GALPAN:

It's what the Director calls a 'control panel'. You touch the screen like this, and –

(FX: SHE TOUCHES AND A TONE SOUNDS, RESPONDING)

ROGERS:

(WORRY) What's that light? And why's it flashing?

GALPAN:

Relax, Rogers. Tap your finger on it. Go on.

ROGERS:

If you're sure it's safe, ma'am.

(FX: HE TAPS THE ICON, A BLEEP OF RECOGNITION. A VOICE ACTIVATES)

SCREEN VOICE:

Welcome to Tantane Information System. Press for Restaurants, Tourist Guide or Business.

ROGERS:

Business? That's us!

GALPAN:

Tap it.

ROGERS:

'Business'...

(FX: ROGERS DOES SO; A BLEEP OF RECOGNITION)

SCREEN VOICE:

Business. Press for email services, conference calls, hotel bookings [shuttle rental, executive services...]

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 13: INT. CUSTOMS

(FX: 'STORM' HAS CALMED. THE LIGHTS HAVE SWITCHED ON HERE TOO)

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

(HALF-DELIGHTED, HALF-SCARED, ALL-AMAZED)

They're on at the back too!

They're everywhere!

I've never seen Summer!

BEAUTY:

Pretty. Come here.

PRETTY:

(APPROACHING) Mother?

BEAUTY:

Pretty Swanson! Oh, my son, you look so pale – so pale and yet so handsome in the light.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. There is one arrival.

PRETTY:

Listen to that, Mum: one arrival! Strangers have come and they've brought the summer. Look around you. Lights, power, everything. We can use it!

BEAUTY:

Strangers, yes. Outsiders. I never believed it could be true – people... outside!

PRETTY:

Worry about the insiders. Business will use the summer too.

BEAUTY:

They say that last time it came, they let the Wailer loose.

PRETTY:

That's just Economy talk. They wouldn't do that.

BEAUTY:

Wouldn't they...?

SCENE 14: INT. ARRIVALS

(FX: A WALL IS MOVING)

DOCTOR:

Watch yourself, Mel. The walls are off again.

(FX: WALL GRINDS INTO POSITION)

MEL:

(DODGING IT) Oh! – That was close. You don't think the walls are trying to surround us, do you?

NAYSMITH:

If you're not Business or Economy, how did you get here?

DOCTOR:

This is Arrivals. Don't you have visitors every day?

NAYSMITH:

Not like you, no. Arrivals is where we come from, where we are born.

DOCTOR:

A maternity ward?

MEL:

I'm not going to ask what Departures is.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. We apologise for the delay to your onward journey. Quarantine measures will soon be completed.

DOCTOR:

Quarantine? Maybe that's what the sliding walls are about?

NAYSMITH:

Please, who is saying all these things and why won't they stop?

(FX: DOOR SWISHES OPEN, OFF)

MEL:

Doctor, there's a door in this latest wall!

DOCTOR:

Our Business acquaintances again. Quickly, [hide –]

NAYSMITH:

No! It's all right: it's Elder Bones! (LOUD) Over here, sir.

ELDER BONES:

(APPROACHING) Little Naysmith! And who have we here? Are these... arrivals?

(FX: DOOR SLICES SHUT)

MEL:

Hello! I'm Mel, this is the Doctor.

NAYSMITH:

It is their ritual, Elder Bones. She says "Hello, I'm Mel, this is the Doctor," and he ignores everyone.

MEL:

(TO DOCTOR) Got you sized up, hasn't she?

ELDER BONES:

Mel. Doctor.

NAYSMITH:

(TO MEL, URGENTLY) You're supposed to bow your head.

MEL:

Oh, sorry. Yes.

ELDER BONES:

(TO MEL) Your welcome is received, Mel.

MEL:

(HISSED) Now you, Doctor-!

DOCTOR:

I bow to no man, Mel. At least, not until I know enough to respect him. (TO ELDER BONES) Tell me, 'Elder Bones' — is it you that's moving these walls?

ELDER BONES:

Not I, Doctor. The spaceport itself.

MEL:

The spaceport-?

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport.

DOCTOR:

It does like to welcome us, doesn't it?

ANNOUNCEMENT:

We apologise for the delay in disabling your ship.

MEL:
What?

ANNOUNCEMENT:
Anti-matter containment engines have been neutralised. Anti-gravity launch systems reversed.

MEL:
Doctor, does that mean us?

DOCTOR:
Hardly. The TARDIS doesn't need anti-matter.

ANNOUNCEMENT:
Physical restraining measures continue.

DOCTOR:
Now what are they, I wonder?

ELDER BONES:
Alas, the ways of the spaceport are a mystery to me.

ANNOUNCEMENT:
Physical restraint will be completed shortly. Thank you for your patience.

MEL:
I really think that means us. Could the walls be closing in to suffocate us?

DOCTOR:
This is a spaceport. A sealed environment. If that's what it wanted, it could shut down the atmosphere. No, I think our arrival has tripped some other process. As to what it is, I couldn't hazard a guess.

(FX: ANOTHER WALL MOVES SOMEWHERE)

DOCTOR:
But it must be for a reason. Must be.

MEL:
(LOOKING) Yes, and I've just realised what it is!

DOCTOR:
Oh? Really?

MEL:
Look over there. The TARDIS has gone!

SCENE 15: INT. CORRIDOR 2

(FX: PANEL TONE)

GALPAN:

Look at this, Rogers! I think this is a map and these two small blue dots represent us, here at this panel.

ROGERS:

Then I'll bet you an audit I know what this button does...

(LOTS OF LITTLE BLEEPS)

GALPAN:

(SARCASTIC) Brilliant, Rogers, quite brilliant. Now there are hundreds of blue dots!

ROGERS:

Don't you see? It's everybody. If this is us, then that's got to be hydroponics and the business lounge. That's where most of the blue dots are, because that's where most of our people are.

GALPAN:

You're right. And so those... (SHE INDICATES TWO BLOBS ON THE MAP) will be the strangers. Four dots. I thought there might be more of them.

ROGERS:

Ma'am. There: what's that?

GALPAN:

Economy, I shouldn't wonder. All clustered together in a ball of cheap misery.

ROGERS:

I don't think so. That's not a bunch of individual dots - that's just one dot. One very big dot.

GALPAN:

The Wailer.

ROGERS:

But it's always been trapped at the Control Tower. What's it doing sitting there?

GALPAN:

It's not sitting, Rogers. It's moving.

ROGERS:

And so are Economy. Now where are they going to?

GALPAN:

It won't be anywhere we like. Typical. Every chance they get, they take and take. No pitch, no buyout. They're just like – like (SPITS) franchises.

ROGERS:

If they keep going that way, they'll reach the Business Lounge.

GALPAN:

Boarding hell. (BEAT) Forget the strangers, we've got a job to do. Come on!

(FX: THEY LEAVE. WALL BEGINS TO TURN, ROTATING CONTROL PANEL INTO...)

SCENE 16: INT. ARRIVALS

DOCTOR:

This is an outrage. (CALLING) Spaceport! Spaceport! I demand you return my vessel to me at once!

(FX: WALL COMPLETES ROTATION, DISCLOSING CONTROL PANEL)

MEL:

Doctor, look! That information booth's come back!

DOCTOR:

An attempt to communicate, perhaps? (STEPPING TOWARDS IT; THE OTHERS FOLLOW) Right, then...

ELDER BONES:

You understand the control panels, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

In principle, certainly. Now, then... (FX: PANEL TONE)

SCREEN VOICE:

Welcome to Tantane Information System. Press for Restaurants, Tourist Guide or Business.

NAYSMITH:

(ALARM) Business!

DOCTOR:

No good to us. (THINKS) Let's try this little envelope: 'Sent Messages'. (FX: PANEL TONE)

NAYSMITH:

Is there anything I can do?

DOCTOR:

Watch and learn. (FX: PANEL BLEEP) A-ha! 'Retrieve messages'. (A BLEEP) Ooh, a video attachment! And... 'Play video'.

(FX: PANEL TONE — THEN, OVER SCREEN, WITH SCREAMS AND CRIES OF TERRIFIED PASSENGERS IN B/G:)

MAD PASSENGER:

(TERRIFIED, OVER SCREEN) It's here. The Wailer is here!

NAYSMITH:

Oh, my lights.

MAD PASSENGER:

(TERRIFIED, OVER SCREEN) If you receive this message, don't let Earth send help! You can't land here, you mustn't land [here] — NO!!!

(FX: START OF WAILER SCREECH [SEE LATER] – CUT OFF BY FUZZ OF STATIC. MESSAGE CUTS OUT)

DOCTOR:

That's it. The last message sent from this booth. When was that, I wonder...?

MEL:

Horrible. Just before the end, I saw a flash of something grey. Something with teeth. Was that...?

NAYSMITH:

(FEARFUL) The Wailer.

ELDER BONES:

It lives in the Tower, now. It guards Control.

DOCTOR:

Control? You mean the spaceport's Control Tower?

ELDER BONES:

When the spaceport first went dark, we managed to drive the Wailer back, trap it at the Tower. Many of our people died in the process.

MEL:

Well, let's not go there then. (BEAT) Doctor? (BEAT) Oh, terrific: we're going to have to, aren't we?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so.

MEL:

Well then, let's see if we can't get a map on this thing. Budge up, Doctor.

(FX: TONES AND BLEEPS AS MEL OPERATES SCREEN)

SCENE 17: INT. CORRIDOR 3

(FX: CORRIDOR 3 IS ANOTHER NARROW ONE BUT VERY LONG WITH SEVERAL DOORS ALONG THE WAY: THINK OF THE TWISTING ROUTE YOU GO FROM AIRCRAFT TO BAGGAGE RECLAIM, WITH SOME UP-AND-DOWN CLIMBING TOO. ROGERS AND GALPAN RUNNING THROUGH)

GALPAN:

This way, Rogers! There's a cut-through to the Business Lounge those Economy types won't know [about -]

(FX: IN THE FAR DISTANCE, THE ECHOING SCREECH OF THE WAILER.)

ROGERS:

(STOPPING) What was that?

GALPAN:

(STOPPING) Nothing. Keep going.

ROGERS:

It was the Wailer, wasn't it? It's on the move!

GALPAN:

Then we'd best not stand here waiting for it to find us. Come on!

(FX: THEY RUN ON. WAILER CRY CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 18: INT. ARRIVALS

(FX: THE SAME WAILER CRY, DISTORTED THROUGH ONE MORE WALL, CONTINUING THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:

I'm almost afraid to say it, but that sounded rather like a wail.

NAYSMITH:

I haven't heard that since I was Carry-On.

ELDER BONES:

One doesn't easily forget the Wailer.

(FX: PANEL TONE)

MEL:

I've got a map up. Right – if that's us in Arrivals and that's the Control Tower. Wait a minute: that's miles away.

DOCTOR:

Five miles, from the look of that scale.

MEL:

That sound's not coming from five miles away!

ELDER BONES:

So – it's finally clear of the Tower. After all these years. But how?

NAYSMITH:

Business! They've got the Summer, now they want to take the whole spaceport. They've let it out!

DOCTOR:

(TO MEL) Mel, does the map show how the walls have moved? Can you work out where the TARDIS is?

MEL:

I think it's just showing rooms, not the dividing walls inside them. It's not labelled very well. What's "BR" mean?

NAYSMITH:

Baggage Reclaim. Those dots must be Economy!

DOCTOR:

Yes, and I'm guessing that rather large dot between them and us must be this 'Wailer'.

NAYSMITH:

We've got to warn them! (FX: WAIL AGAIN. CROSS TO:)

SCENE 19: INT. CORRIDOR 3

(FX: GALPAN RUNS TO HALT AS WAIL RESOUNDS)

GALPAN:

Rogers, wait.

ROGERS:

(STOPPING) I thought you said not to hang around?

GALPAN:

More haste, less speed. Everything looks so different in the light. We could run the wrong way – straight into the Wailer.

ROGERS:

Then let's just run from the sound. With any luck it'll find Economy first.

GALPAN:

You don't mean that. No one deserves to meet the Wailer – not even Economy.

ROGERS:

Economy brought that thing here. They deserve everything they get.

(FX: THEY LEAVE)

SCENE 20: INT. ARRIVALS

(FX: PANEL BLEEPS, TONES)

MEL:

This is amazing. So much more than just a You Are Here display. This computer seems to have information on everything! It's the most advanced system I've ever seen.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well – computer archaeology was never my strong suit.

NAYSMITH:

(READING) "Must-See Tantane Music Festival". What's that?

DOCTOR:

Just a tourist guide to the planet outside. Fascinating, no doubt, but not a great deal of use just at present.

NAYSMITH:

(WITH REVERENCE) Outside! I've always wanted to know what's outside.

MEL:

You mean you don't know?

DOCTOR:

What are these blobs here.

NAYSMITH:

Business. Congregated around the hydroponics garden, and the area they call Business Lounge.

DOCTOR:

But no TARDIS – and no sliding walls. So the map doesn't show everything. Naysmith, Elder Bones – Mel and I need to get to the Control Tower to free our vessel, the TARDIS. We could use a little local knowledge.

ELDER BONES:

You want us to show you the route? Certainly. Naysmith?

NAYSMITH:

We're here, you see? (FX: BLEEP) My initiation was there in Customs. (FX: BLEEP) Then beyond that there's Baggage Reclaim. (FX: BLEEP) Mel, can you pull the map across?

MEL:

Um – (FX: TONE) – yes, got it.

NAYSMITH:

I don't know what these sections are (FX: BLEEP) but those (FX: BLEEP) are Immigration and Security. More parts I don't know. Pull again. (FX: TONE) Right there, that's the spaceport perimeter. And right at the end, up three levels, that's the Control Tower.

ELDER BONES:

No-one has been to the Tower in four hundred years.

MEL:

Because of this 'Wailer'?

DOCTOR:

Four hundred years? No wonder it's escaped: it must be lonely. Time we took a stroll, Mel.

ELDER BONES:

The walkways might be on. But it's miles across the spaceport. Most doors are closed. And you have to get by Business just to reach the central complex.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. Low power warning.

MEL:

Five miles.

DOCTOR:

A good stretch of the legs. Elder Bones, how long will the power hold?

ELDER BONES:

Sixty years ago, strangers arrived and brought the summer with them, just as you have. It lasted two hours.

MEL:

How long have we been here?

DOCTOR:

Not very long. But let's hurry. I don't want to be stuck here when all the power goes off again. We'd be trapped in whatever room we happened to be. And without power, we'd never get the walls to move back and free the TARDIS.

NAYSMITH:

There is always power for the hydroponics system.

ELDER BONES:

But we've never been able to divert it to the lights or the doors.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport.

MEL:

I'd give real money if it'd stop saying that.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Warning. Containment system requirements exceed reserve battery power. We apologise for the disruption to your quarantine. Systems will go to sleep in a few moments to preserve the security constructs.

ELDER BONES:

It's the end of the summer.

DOCTOR:

I thought you said two hours?

(FX: A DISTANT WAILING ROAR)

MEL:

I take it back, Doctor. Sometimes it's nice to travel *without* seeing what's around you.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

(FX: FLICKERS) Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. Power failing.

(FX: LIGHTS START TO GO OUT WITH A PATHETIC WHIMP-WHIMP)

MEL:

We're losing the lights.

DOCTOR:

Without power to the doors, we're not going to make it out of Arrivals!

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. There is one arrival. (LOSING POWER) There are no departuuuuuures. (FX: EVERYTHING DEAD)

ELDER BONES:

Summer is ended.

MEL:

Doctor...? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Mel. Looks like it's time to check out.

(FX: WAILER ROAR)

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

REPRISE:

ANNOUNCEMENT:

(FX: FLICKERS) *Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. Power failing.*

(FX: LIGHTS START TO GO OUT WITH A PATHETIC WHIMP-WHIMP)

MEL:

We're losing the lights.

DOCTOR:

Without power to the doors, we're not going to make it out of Arrivals!

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. There is one arrival. (LOSING POWER) There are no departuuuuuuures. (FX: EVERYTHING DEAD)

ELDER BONES:

Summer is ended.

MEL:

Doctor...? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Mel. Looks like it's time to check out.

(FX: WAILER ROAR)

SCENE 21: INT. ARRIVALS

(FX: AS BEFORE)

MEL:

Rubbish! Come on, Doctor, you must be able to think of something.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I can think of many somethings. Unfortunately, they all rely on us being able to see where we are.

MEL:

Then we're sitting ducks. In the dark.

NAYSMITH:

Why did summer go so quickly? Elder Bones?

ELDER BONES:

The seasons are beyond our control, little Naysmith. But the summers come and they go, and each time our eyes adapt. It will take but a moment.

DOCTOR:

I don't think so. Humanoid eyes can indeed switch from bright light to near darkness, but it takes at least twenty minutes for the pupillary light reflex to adjust. Until then, we're all going to be effectively blind.

SCENE 22: INT. CORRIDOR 3

ROGERS:

(FREAKING OUT) Ma'am? I can't see you! [Ma'am!]

GALPAN:

Oh, for audit's sake – stop panicking, Rogers! You're like a bear market!

ROGERS:

Sorry, ma'am. It's just – how are we going to find our way to the Business Lounge now?

GALPAN:

Can't get my bearings. I'm used to it being dark, but I feel blind now.

ROGERS:

Same here.

GALPAN:

I've an idea. Stand by me. You face that way, I'll face the other.

ROGERS:

Then what?

GALPAN:

Then this.

(FX: ONE LASER BLAST)

ROGERS:

I see!

GALPAN:

Looks like we got turned around in the darkness, but if we just fire off a laser bolt every few steps, we'll light the way enough to keep going. Come on.

(FX: THEY SET OFF SLOWLY)

ROGERS:

Sterling help anyone coming from the other direction.

GALPAN:

N.M.P., Rogers. Not my problem.

(FX: ANOTHER BLAST)

SCENE 23: INT. ARRIVALS

ELDER BONES:

Doctor, we cannot wait. We must proceed to the Tower [before it's too late]!

DOCTOR:

Shh! Listen.

MEL:

(SOTTO) The Wailer?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) No: the spaceport. It's not completely shut down.

(FX: WE BECOME AWARE OF A FAINT VENTING SOUND)

MEL:

You're right! I hear something – fans or vents or something.

NAYSMITH:

The port is alive. We are just in winter. We're always in winter.

DOCTOR:

(TAKES A DEEP BREATH) Atmosphere's still fresh. You'd expect it to last a time – but even so, if the life support were off, I'd be able to tell.

ELDER BONES:

The spaceport is powered, as it always has been. It is merely the light that fades.

MEL:

Like it's on standby. Saving energy.

DOCTOR:

But what are they saving the energy for?

(FX: A RUMBLE OF 'THUNDER' ABOVE)

MEL:

What was that?

NAYSMITH:

The storm is coming back.

DOCTOR:

(DIDN'T SOUND RIGHT) 'Storm'? Are you sure? It sounded [more like]-

ELDER BONES:

(INTERJECTING) Doctor! The Tower?

DOCTOR:

You're very keen on this Tower, aren't you, Elder Bones?

NAYSMITH:

But how will we get there now that summer's gone?

MEL:

I've seen the map, I can remember the route. But only if we can get out of this room.

SCENE 24: INT. CORRIDOR 3

(ROGERS AND GALPAN HURRYING ALONG — AND THEN STOPPING)

(FX: ONE LASER BLAST)

GALPAN:

Dammit! I don't remember this bit.

ROGERS:

We take the left. Down the stairs.

GALPAN:

You're sure? I thought the right led back to Business.

ROGERS:

They both do. But the right runs around the rim of this sector and is the quickest escape route from the Business Lounge. Which means that any of our people fleeing Business will come this way.

GALPAN:

And we'll be firing right at them. I see your point. Okay, we'll take the longer route — left. But we'll have to hurry.

(FX: DISTANT WAILING ROAR ALL AROUND THEM. EVEN MORE ECHOEY)

ROGERS:

It's just the darkness, isn't it? Makes the Wailer sound nearer?

GALPAN:

(GRIMLY) Keep your gun cocked and come on.

(THEY LEAVE DOWN THE STAIRS)

SCENE 25: INT. ARRIVALS

MEL:

(FEELING AROUND WALLS) Doctor? I think I've found a door. A shut door, sadly.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Not a problem. Feel from the bottom of the frame up, run your hand over the metal and tell me when you find even the slightest protrusion. I'll try this side.

MEL:

(FEELING AROUND) What are we looking for? A door knob?

DOCTOR:

(FEELING AROUND DOOR) Emergency over-ride pressure panel, but much the same thing.

NAYSMITH:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Can I help?

DOCTOR:

No, thanks, just stay where you are.

MEL:

You can do the next one.

(FX: SHIFT FOCUS TO NAYSMITH & ELDER BONES)

NAYSMITH:

Elder Bones, sir, if we could control the doors, do you think Economy and Business could work together? We might even be able to open the doors to the outside.

ELDER BONES:

Business will never work with anyone, child. It has ever been thus.

NAYSMITH:

Just because that's how it's always been, doesn't mean things can't change!

ELDER BONES:

Naysmith! You are twenty, I am five hundred. Show me the respect you were taught.

NAYSMITH:

Yes, sir.

(BACK WITH DOCTOR AND MEL, FEELING AROUND)

MEL:

(SOTTO) Did you hear that, Doctor? Five hundred!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Indeed. I'd assumed 'Elder' was just another word for 'statesman', but it seems longevity may be the primary factor. I wonder whether he's the only one here who's lived that long?

MEL:

(FINDING DOOR KNOB; ALOUD) Got it! I've found the emergency override thingy!

ELDER BONES:

(COMING OVER) Excellent work, young lady. Show me.

DOCTOR:

Where was it, Mel?

MEL:

Right at the top corner. Strange place for a door knob – unless you're seven foot tall.

DOCTOR:

It's not for members of the public, Mel: it's for maintenance crews. Automatics are switched off when any repairs are being done, so they need a manual override.

ELDER BONES:

(THOUGHTFUL) You know how all this works.

DOCTOR:

Well, when you've been around as long as I have, you tend to pick this kind of stuff up. Mel, press on the pad and keep your hand there. The spaceport will ignore anything that could be an accidental touch, especially if it's trying to save power. But it should respond to a positive press.

MEL:

Here goes...!

(FX: THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

Ta-dah!

NAYSMITH:

(AWE) With the right touch, you can open doors!

(FX: STORM RUMBLES)

DOCTOR:

You know, that's the oddest-sounding storm.

ELDER BONES:

Doctor? The Tower is this way.

MEL:

Only that's not where we're going.

DOCTOR:

It isn't?

MEL:

No. We're just going to nip into Duty Free first.

DOCTOR:

Mel?!

MEL:

(LEADING THE WAY) Come along. You too, Naysmith, Elder Bones!

(FX: DOOR SLIDES SHUT BEHIND THEM)

SCENE 26: INT. CORRIDOR 1

(PRETTY AND BEAUTY WALKING)

PRETTY:

(BITTER) The whole of Economy and they've got Nothing to Declare. Cowards! They'd rather sit tight, than take action.

BEAUTY:

People remember how Elder Bones has protected us from Business. Of course they're going to want to wait for him.

PRETTY:

But what if Business have got him, Mum? And Naysmith, too.

BEAUTY:

They're scared, Pretty. They've lived in twilight for years. But this dark, it's like nothing they've known before.

PRETTY:

And I told them, the dark will pass! I bet Business would've volunteered. Say this for them, they get things done –

BEAUTY:

So do we!

PRETTY:

Mum, go back. If Economy won't help us, they won't help themselves either. They'll need you.

BEAUTY:

(SLIGHTLY PUZZLED) You talk as if you're not Economy. We stick together. (BRIGHTLY) Now, how about we try Baggage Reclaim?

PRETTY:

All right, mother. Baggage Reclaim first, then the Control Tower.

(THEY MOVE ON)

SCENE 27: INT. DUTY FREE

(FX: A SILENT DUTY FREE. IN THE QUIET, WE HEAR A LITTLE SCUTTLE & MUTTER, AS OF A LARGE SPIDER-LIKE CREATURE. BEAT. DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

MEL:

(WALKING IN; DOCTOR, NAYSMITH & ELDER BONES BEHIND) Yes, this must be it: Duty Free! Come on! (WALKS INTO A GIANT COBWEB) Yeuch! Cobwebs. Why is it always cobwebs?

DOCTOR:

Never underestimate the survival power of the simple arachnid, Mel. Why I once visited an entire planet [of]-

MEL:

(INTERRUPTING) Later, Doctor. Okay?

ELDER BONES:

Why are we even here? Duty Free was raided the moment the spaceport went into lockdown: there's nothing for us here.

NAYSMITH:

It must've been very frightening.

DOCTOR:

The food may have gone, but man does not live by bread alone. Now, what have here? (FX: FEELING AROUND COUNTER) Books, pens, T-shirts – rather cheap ones by the feel of them. Aha!

MEL:

What is it? What have you found?

DOCTOR:

A cat.

MEL:

A cat?!

DOCTOR:

Yes, a very fluffy one. Here, catch!

MEL:

What! (DOING SO) Oh, a cuddly toy! Very funny. Ha ha.

DOCTOR:

Never underestimate a cuddly toy, Mel. Once we can see properly, we can look at its label. It might have a date of manufacture on it. Always useful to know when we are.

NAYSMITH:

It's the Year of Elder Bones, Four Hundred and Nine.

DOCTOR:

'The Year of Elder Bones'? I must admit to feeling a trifle jealous. I've always hankered for a chronology named after me.

ELDER BONES:

It was an honour bestowed by the new order.

MEL:

Five hundred years. You've really been here all that time?

DOCTOR:

So what is 409 E-B in Galactic Standard?

ELDER BONES:

In Earth years it is Sixty-one, twenty-seven.

MEL:

Back on the shelf with you, kitty. No need to peek at your label now.

NAYSMITH:

That man on the recording, he mentioned Earth. Where is it?

MEL:

In range of a distress call, hopefully.

DOCTOR:

So that's why you brought us here! You were hoping we'd find communications equipment.

MEL:

Radios, telephones – anything like that, really. Even if we can't contact Earth, we might be able to speak to someone else in the spaceport.

DOCTOR:

Mel's right. Spread out and scout round.

(THEY DO)

SCENE 28: INT. CORRIDOR 3

(FX: DISTANT ROAR OF THE WAILER. ROGERS AND GALPAN INCHING THEIR WAY ALONG)

ROGERS:

It sounds like it's behind us now.

GALPAN:

Impossible. It can't have moved that quickly. This is the longest single-run corridor on the spaceport, Rogers. If the Wailer were onto us, we'd know by now.

ROGERS:

Would we? I don't know anything anymore. How did it get out in the first place? And why today and not yesterday – or tomorrow?

GALPAN:

Are you serious? Summer. (BEAT.) Summer came and it only lasted ten minutes. Then something stopped it, switched it back off.

ROGERS:

The strangers.

GALPAN:

What with the storm, it's all become too much for the spaceport to cope with. Strained the systems. Presumably whatever force was containing the Wailer switched off or weakened. And this is the result.

(FX: ROAR. DEFINITELY CLOSER.)

ROGERS:

It is behind us! I knew it!

GALPAN:

Nonsense. I'll show you. This corridor runs straight, all the way back to the stairs. So if I fire my gun back where we've come from..

(FX: ONE LASER BLAST)

See.

(FX: A DISTANT ROAR OF PAIN FROM THE WAILER)

ROGERS:

Boarding hell, it's there! How far back, d'you reckon?

GALPAN:

I'm not waiting to find out. Run!

SCENE 29: INT. DUTY FREE

MEL:

(TRYING TO STOP A GLASS PANEL FROM SLIDING) No, no, no!

(FX: GLASS PANEL SLIDES & FALLS TO FLOOR WITH A SMASH!)

DOCTOR:

(COMING OVER ACROSS BROKEN GLASS) Mel? Are you all right?

MEL:

I'm fine. I was trying to open this display cabinet, when the glass lid slid onto the floor.

DOCTOR:

Tut, tut. Such wanton vandalism.

MEL:

All right, all right. I'm already feeling guilty about it.
(REACHING INTO CABINET) Anyway, this is what I was after.
(RETRIEVES IT) It caught my eye.

DOCTOR:

Caught your eye? Well at least that means your eyesight's returning.

MEL:

(SURPRISED) Oh, yes. How about yours?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I've been able to see for the last ten minutes. I just didn't want to brag about it.

MEL:

How uncharacteristically modest of you. Anyway, what do you reckon to this? Looks like a sort of mini-computer.

DOCTOR:

Show me. (TAKES IT) Hmm. Looks like a Handheld. I haven't seen one of these in centuries.

MEL:

A Handheld?

DOCTOR:

It's a sort of glorified Executive toy.

NAYSMITH:

Executive-? But that's a Business thing!

ELDER BONES:

(COMING OVER) I once had a Handheld – good for playing games with your friends, booking hotels and ordering books. Useless for helping us get to the Control Tower!

DOCTOR:

This is far from useless, Elder Bones. All those applications you just mentioned have one thing in common, don't they?

MEL:

They're all means of communication!

DOCTOR:

Exactly. No one's planning on setting a new record at Tetris, Elder Bones. (FIDDLING) But if we can get a message out on this thing – call for help – then it's worth its weight in – Ah!

(FX: A FLICK OF AN ON SWITCH AND A POP OF POWER – THAT IMMEDIATELY FIZZLES OUT)

Oh.

MEL:

Dead battery?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid so. (DEFEATED) Perhaps it was too much to hope for.

MEL:

Don't give up, Doctor. Look around you. We're in Duty Free: Home of the Battery.

DOCTOR:

You're right! All of you, search the shelves. We need batteries, or a charger, a solar panel – anything!

MEL:

Solar, that's a thought. Doctor, why aren't there any windows in this spaceport?

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) Mel, you are obsessed with windows! When we get out of this, I promise I will take you to a glazier.

SCENE 30: INT. STARTRAIN PLATFORM/CORRIDOR 3

(FX: STARTRAIN PLATFORM LEADS OFF CORRIDOR 3: IT'S SMALLER, AT RIGHT ANGLES TO 3 AND GIVES ROGERS AND GALPAN COVER)

GALPAN:

(RUNNING) In here, Rogers! Quick!

(FX: THEY COME TO A HALT, PANTING)

ROGERS:

Where are we?

GALPAN:

The StarTrain platform!

ROGERS:

StarTrain? What's the [StarTrain-?]

(FX: THAT SPIDER SCUTTLE AGAIN – AND AN ACCIDENTAL SQUELCH)

ROGERS:

(HUSHED) Ma'am – I think I've trodden in something.

GALPAN:

(HUSHED) A spider, I expect. This place is covered in cobwebs. Stay here.

ROGERS:

Wait – where are you going?

GALPAN:

(FX: FOLLOW HER) I'm just going back to peek back around the corner, see if I can spot the Wailer.

ROGERS:

(OFF) Be careful!

GALPAN:

Shield your eyes...

(FX: SHE FIRES ONE BLAST DOWN THE CORRIDOR. BEAT. THEN AN EXPLOSION AS SHE HITS SOMETHING. THE EXPLOSION CATCHES THE WAILER... WHICH WAILS, OFF)

ROGERS:

(OFF) Did you hit it?

GALPAN:

No. One of the vending machines, I think. It blew up right in front of the Wailer.

ROGERS:

(OFF) So now's our chance to run, right?

GALPAN:

Wrong. Now's our chance to kill it. Get over here, Rogers, and start blasting!

SCENE 31: INT. DUTY FREE

(FX: FUSILLADE OF SHOTS IN FAR DISTANCE — GALPAN'S GUN JOINED BY ROGERS')

NAYSMITH:

I hear shooting!

DOCTOR:

I expect it's our friends with the guns. Keep looking for batteries.

MEL:

At least we know they're a good way off.

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN. THE SOUND OF EXPLOSIONS AND FIRING GETS BRIEFLY LOUDER)

ELDER BONES:

(WONDERMENT) It works. The emergency override works. So easy when you know how.

(FX: DOOR SHUTS. THE FIRING MUFFLES — AND THEN STOPS)

DOCTOR:

Thinking of going somewhere, Elder Bones?

ELDER BONES:

(CAUGHT OUT) What? No, I —

DOCTOR:

Then stop activating the doors. Every door that we open is burning up power — power that this spaceport seems to need for something else. Are you quite sure you don't know what that something else is?

ELDER BONES:

All I want is to get to the Control Tower. Like you, Doctor.

(FX: STORM RUMBLES)

SCENE 32: INT. STARTRAIN PLATFORM/CORRIDOR 3

(FX: THE AFTERMATH OF FIRING — SPARKS, SOME METAL FALLING)

ROGERS:

Did we get it?

GALPAN:

Wait. Listen.

(FX: BEAT. THEN A PAINED WAIL)

ROGERS:

I really thought we'd killed it.

GALPAN:

Sounds wounded, though.

ROGERS:

Let's go finish it. (HE STARTS TO HEAD OFF)

GALPAN:

No, Rogers — no. Right now, it's injured and that's good. Slows it down, keeps us safe. We go right up to its throat and we might not live to tell the tale.

ROGERS:

We're just going to leave it there-?

GALPAN:

For now. Climb down onto the track. We'll follow the Startrain back to the Business Lounge. It's time for a strategy meeting.

(THEY LEAVE)

SCENE 33: INT. DUTY FREE

(NAYSMITH DASHES UP)

NAYSMITH:

Mel, Doctor, are these your 'batteries'?

DOCTOR:

Let me see.

NAYSMITH

They look like tiny suitcases trapped in a kind of transparent skin.

DOCTOR:

Perfect! Still in their shrinkwrapping. Good work, Naysmith. Now – who's got good fingernails?

MEL:

Hand them over!

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, DOOR SLIDES OPEN OFF)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Elder Bones, what did I tell you about using up power?

ELDER BONES:

I will not be long. I'm just going to... to scout ahead.

(FX: DOOR SLIDES SHUT)

MEL:

(SUSPICIOUS) Scout ahead?

DOCTOR:

Didn't sound terribly convincing, did it?

NAYSMITH:

It will be alright, I think. No-one knows the spaceport better than Elder Bones.

(FX: SHRINKWRAP TORN)

MEL:

There, that's it! (FITTING BATTERIES INTO HANDHELD) Now – plus this way, minus that. And... (MAC-LIKE ON SOUND) power on!

DOCTOR:

Good work, Mel.

NAYSMITH:

Amazing. It's like a little summer, lighting up your whole face.

DOCTOR:

Holographic display. Rather crude as a torch goes, but it'll do.

NAYSMITH:

We should take it to Elder Bones. It can help us find the way to the Control Tower.

DOCTOR:

Yes, your 'Elder Bones'. You say he's five hundred years old, but you're, what -

NAYSMITH:

Twenty.

DOCTOR:

Twenty. Do all the Economy people live as long as Elder Bones? You haven't all been here for centuries, have you?

NAYSMITH:

Elder Bones has guided and protected nineteen generations since Business brought the Wailer here and trapped us all. My people are strong because of Elder Bones and he leads Economy, he is all that is good in Economy, and we must respect him.

MEL:

Doesn't mean you have to like him.

NAYSMITH:

(GENUINE CONFUSION) Doesn't it?

SCENE 34: INT. STARTRAIN PLATFORM

(FX: STARTRAIN IS FROM JFK AIRPORT'S AIRTRAIN: SMALL LITTLE STATION-LIKE CORRIDORS ARE CONNECTED BY RAILED TUNNELS. ROGERS AND GALPAN ARE BETWEEN STATIONS AND HURRYING AS BEST THEY CAN)

GALPAN:

We're about halfway between stations, I reckon. Not much further. How're you bearing up, Rogers? You've not said much since we left the platform.

ROGERS:

Sorry. It's just I'm not overly fond of Strat Meets, ma'am. I can never think of a strategy.

GALPAN:

You don't have to. The good thing about a Strat is that it's official – and 'official' means that the Director comes. About time he made an appearance. I don't see why we have to be customer-facing all the time when he's living it up somewhere client-side.

ROGERS:

That's a bit strong, isn't it, ma'am. If it weren't for the Director, we'd've lost the spaceport to Economy by now. (HE STUMBLES) Woah!

GALPAN:

Watch your feet, Rogers. The rails are a bit uneven here. We must be under Duty Free right now.

ROGERS:

Duty free! Can you imagine? Free of any duties. Paradise.

(THEY HURRY ON)

SCENE 35: INT. DUTY FREE

(FX: BLEEPs AS MEL WORKS THE HANDHELD, SCROLLING THROUGH APPS)

MEL:

Game... game... game. Oh, what's this?

(FX: PRESSES A BUTTON. ALIEN POP MUSIC STARTS PLAYING LOUDLY – A BIT ASIAN ROCK)

NAYSMITH:

What a terrible noise!

(FX: MEL PRESSES A BUTTON; MUSIC STOPS)

MEL:

Sorry! Bit of a racket.

DOCTOR:

Racket? That was a Balinese Pentachord!

MEL:

Whatever it was, it wasn't what we're looking for. Oh, I give up! There's no communication software on this thing.

DOCTOR:

What we need... is a game with a high-score table.

MEL:

What?

SCENE 36: INT. CORRIDOR 3

BEAUTY:

(FX: WALKING TO HALT) I'm beginning to see again. That sign, up ahead, Pretty. What's it say? (READING) "StarTrain". What's that?

PRETTY:

An old passenger transport, Dad said. There are loads of platforms.

BEAUTY:

Transport!

PRETTY:

Don't get too excited. The trains are dead now.

BEAUTY:

Shame.

PRETTY:

Well, there's nothing here, Mum. Come on, we'd better get moving. Wouldn't want Business catching us now [would we]-

(FX: A DISTANT, HURT WAIL)

BEAUTY:

(EXPRESSION OF HORROR) Happy journey! The Wailer!

PRETTY:

Don't just stand there, Mum. Move!

ELDER BONES:

(APPEARING FROM OFF) Not so fast, young Swanson.

BEAUTY:

(FAST, STARTLED, A CURSE) Turbulence! Oh, it's you, Elder Bones.

PRETTY:

Mother! (FORMAL) We welcome Elder Bones.

ELDER BONES:

Your welcome is received.

BEAUTY:

What are you doing here, sir?

PRETTY:

Where's Naysmith?

ELDER BONES:

Little Naysmith is safe. Oh, but I am pleased to have run into the pair of you.

PRETTY:

Pleased? Why?

ELDER BONES:

There is a task you can perform for me. Yes, and the whole of Economy, too.

(FX: DISTANT HURT WAIL)

SCENE 37: INT. DUTY FREE

(FX: DOCTOR PLAYING COMPUTER GAME – CHEERFUL GAME NOISES)

DOCTOR:

(CONCENTRATING) An email connection, you see, needs to be comparatively robust, to cope with attachments. An electronic game, however, only needs to send a few bytes –

MEL:

To squirt out a high score!

DOCTOR:

Exactly. If there's communications traffic anywhere out on the surface of Tantane, someone will be playing a game and data might get through. (FX: GAME SOUNDS PICK UP A NOTCH) Ah, that's Level 2!

MEL:

What are you playing?

DOCTOR:

The Tantane Cathedral Game, apparently.

MEL:

I'll look for another Handheld. See if we can't both have a go. (SHE GOES OFF)

NAYSMITH:

Doctor, our History Notes say that Business and Economy shared a common Crew once. You and Mel – you sound like Crew. Is that what First Class means?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Treat your crew as first class and they'll always get you home. (FX: 'GAME OVER' SOUND) Oh, rats!

SCENE 38: INT. STARTRAIN CONDUIT

ROGERS:

(FOLLOWING GALPAN THROUGH CRAMPED SPACE) We're lost, aren't we, ma'am? I knew we shouldn't have left the tunnel.

GALPAN:

(LEADING) It's a short cut. As soon as we're out of this conduit, there'll be a way to the Business Lounge, you'll see.

ROGERS:

Swear I heard something behind us.

GALPAN:

You're always saying that. Air con units: mind your head!

ROGERS:

Air con what- (FX: CLONK! AS HE HEADBUTTS AN AIRCON UNIT AND FALLS WITH A THUD)

GALPAN:

Rogers? Rogers? Oh, Recession! (SLAPPING HIS FACE) Wake up, you imbecile.

ROGERS:

(GROANS)

ELDER BONES:

(COMING UP BEHIND THEM: DEFINITELY HIM, BUT WITH A SLIGHTLY MORE TORY AIR) What are you doing in this conduit? There is no way through to the Business Lounge from here.

GALPAN:

(RAISES HER GUN AND CALLS OUT) Show yourself, stranger! Who are you? Associate or Rival?

ROGERS:

(GROGGY) I said there was something behind..

GALPAN:

Answer or I'll shoot! Associate or Rival?

ELDER BONES:

(WALKING UP) Neither.

GALPAN:

(STARTLED) Oh! Sorry, sir. I didn't [reco-]. (FORMALLY) We welcome the Director. (URGENT WHISPER) Rogers?

ROGERS:

(MUMBLING) Welcome Director, yeah.

GALPAN:

(ROTE) Elder Bones, Director of Business and Protector of the Share Price, you honour us with your presence and we ask only that we may serve you.

ELDER BONES:

On your feet, staff. Report.

GALPAN:

(GETTING UP) Sir, the Wailer is loose but we have wounded it.

ROGERS:

It's back down the tunnel, in the corridor [leading to]-

ELDER BONES:

I know where it is. And I will deal with it. What is your name?

GALPAN:

This is Rogers, sir, and I am Galpan. I was an Apprentice eleven years ago.

ELDER BONES:

Galpan. Yes, I remember. Well, when your colleague recovers, go to the Business Lounge as speedily as possible. Once there, form an Exploratory Committee. All armed. Then bring them to Duty Free – do you know it?

GALPAN:

I've never been, but I know where it is, yes.

ELDER BONES:

Good. And be quick about it. There are two strangers there, and a child of Economy.

GALPAN:

The strangers that brought the Summer, you mean?

ELDER BONES:

I need the man only. The woman and the Economy girl you can kill.

GALPAN:

Understood, sir.

ELDER BONES:

(WALKING OFF) Follow me, the Business Lounge is back this way.

GALPAN:

Sir! (HOISTING ROGERS) Come on, you – we've got an assignment.

ROGERS:

(GROANS AS HE'S HALF-DRAGGED AFTER ELDER BONES)

SCENE 39: INT. CORRIDOR 3

(BEAUTY AND PRETTY HURRYING ALONG. PRETTY IS GIDDY)

PRETTY:

Fantastic, isn't it? Elder Bones picking me!

BEAUTY:

I'm happy for you. But let's get this done, then celebrate. How much further to Platform Three?

PRETTY:

Hard to tell. No more than a mile, I think. A historic meeting between Economy and Business – and I get to be the broker!

BEAUTY:

I wonder if Business are all as sharp-suited as they say?

SCENE 40: INT. DUTY FREE

(FX: GAME-LIKE BLEEPS FROM THE HANDHELD)

DOCTOR:

You build up your Cathedral, you see, by collecting the spires that fall from the sky – only they keep on coming faster and faster – gaah! (FX: GAME OVER)

NAYSMITH:

You have lost. Again.

DOCTOR:

Alright, don't rub it in. The thing is, now it expects me to connect to other players –

NAYSMITH:

But you can't?

DOCTOR:

There's no connection – or rather, no other players. Nobody I can get a message out to, nobody at all I can ask for help. Has everyone on Tantane given up computer games for Lent?

MEL:

(RETURNING) Well, there's at least one other person to play with now. (BRANDISHING HANDHELD) Ta-da!

DOCTOR:

Ah! Mel. Another Handheld, good. Keep your screen brightness on full. The more light we can cast on our situation, the better. (TURNING TO LEAVE) Come on.

MEL:

We're going? But what about the game?

DOCTOR:

That can wait. We need to get to the Control Tower.

NAYSMITH:

Without Elder Bones?

MEL:

I'm sure we'll catch him up.

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

ELDER BONES:

Finally.

NAYSMITH:

Elder Bones!

ELDER BONES:

("LANGUAGE!") Naysmith!

NAYSMITH:

Forgive me. (BY ROTE) We welcome Elder Bones.

ELDER BONES:

Your welcome is received.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure it is. So the Wailer didn't get you, then?

ELDER BONES:

I wouldn't worry about the Wailer. Once it's fed, it rests for hours.

MEL:

'Fed'—?

ELDER BONES:

Come now, Doctor — the way to the Tower is clear. From there, you can restore power to the spaceport.

DOCTOR:

Well, I'll do my best.

MEL:

Hold on — where is this Wailer now, exactly?

ELDER BONES:

(VAGUELY) In the corridors. Somewhere.

NAYSMITH:

On the business side, you mean?

(BEAT)

NAYSMITH:

In Economy! Then we must warn our people!

ELDER BONES:

Indeed so. In fact, that is the next part of your initiation, little Naysmith. You must return to warn our people.

MEL:

Hang about! You can't send her back there alone!

NAYSMITH:

Fear not, Mel. I am ready. I have Something to Declare.

MEL:

And so do I – I'm coming with you!

DOCTOR:

Mel...

MEL:

We've both got handhelds, Doctor, we can stay in touch – after a fashion.

DOCTOR:

If you must. But please, don't take any unnecessary risks.

MEL:

Caution is my middle name.

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

NAYSMITH:

Mel, we must hurry.

DOCTOR:

(TO MEL) 'Caution'?!

MEL:

(TO DOCTOR) Actually, it's not. It's –

(FX: CUT OFF BY DOOR SLICING SHUT)

ELDER BONES:

Don't worry, Doctor. I'm sure they'll be perfectly safe.

SCENE 41: INT. PROMENADE

(NAYSMITH IN THE LEAD, MEL HURRYING ALONG)

NAYSMITH:

My eyes are getting back to normal. So good to be able to see again.

MEL:

Wait! Stop a moment.

(THEY DO)

NAYSMITH:

Do you need to catch your breath?

MEL:

I need to picture the map. This is the Promenade, isn't it?

NAYSMITH:

I don't know its name. We don't usually use it.

MEL:

It is. Like at Heathrow. Shops, restaurants, duty free and not enough toilets. But it's the way everybody goes to the aircraft – I mean, what, starships?

NAYSMITH:

There were ten starships docked when the spaceport shut down.

MEL:

And the Promenade is the connection from all the starships into the terminals.

NAYSMITH:

So-?

MEL:

So I know a fast way to get to Economy. This way. Look for signs saying 'StarTrain'.

(THEY BOUND OFF)

SCENE 42: INT. DUTY FREE

DOCTOR:

Spare batteries for handheld, check. Courage, charm and cunning, check. (BRIGHTLY) Right then, Elder Bones – we'd better be on our way to the Tower.

(HE HEADS FOR THE DOOR BUT ELDER BONES STEPS IN FRONT OF HIM. ELDER BONES NOW HAS HIS BUSINESS VOICE ON)

ELDER BONES:

Are you sure you have everything, Doctor. Best to be thoroughly prepared before embarking on a journey into the unknown.

DOCTOR:

You've changed your mind. (RE HIS VOICE) And your tone. I thought we were in a hurry.

ELDER BONES:

I'm an old man, Doctor. I need to rest a moment.

DOCTOR:

You should think about regular exercise, but don't ever tell Mel I said that.

(FX: DUTY FREE DOOR OPENS)

ELDER BONES:

(CALLING) Come in, Galpan. Ah, you've brought company. Excellent.

(ENTER GALPAN AND ROGERS WITH TWO MORE MEN, HEAVIES)

GALPAN:

(TO ROGERS) Rogers, take your men and secure the area.

ROGERS:

Ma'am.

DOCTOR:

I didn't know we were expecting visitors. Although you clearly did.

ELDER BONES:

My congratulations, Doctor. You've been upgraded!

SCENE 43: INT. STARTRAIN PLATFORM

(MEL AND NAYSMITH EMERGE AT ONE END OF IT. THE WAILER IS RECOVERING IN THE MIDDLE. AND AT THE OTHER END, WE'RE GOING TO SEE BEAUTY AND PRETTY HEADING TOWARD US FROM THE FAR END)

MEL:

(ARRIVING) StarTrain, Platform Three! That's more like it. Woah!

(FX: SPIDER SCUTTLE x 3)

NAYSMITH:

Spiders. Several of them. There must be a nest nearby.

MEL:

Spiders don't bother me. It's the cobwebs I can't stand.

(FX: THEY MOVE ON. CROSS TO FAR END OF PLATFORM:)

BEAUTY:

Oh, Pretty. We've been stood ages on this platform and there's no sign of these Business people.

PRETTY:

They'll be here. Elder Bones said.

BEAUTY:

I'm beginning to wonder why he sent us instead of coming himself.

PRETTY:

Ssh, Mum! I can see someone!

BEAUTY:

Where?

BEAUTY:

Up ahead. Someone in grey. Business people wear grey, don't they? (WALKING FORWARD, CALLING) HELLO!

(FX: CROSS TO OTHER END OF PLATFORM:)

NAYSMITH:

Mel! I heard someone calling. I'm sure I did!

MEL:

You can't have. (DISAPPOINTMENT) The whole platform's blocked, look!

NAYSMITH:

Your eyes have adjusted better than mine.

MEL:

I drink a lot of carrot juice. Some sort of grey wall, up ahead. A rockfall?

BEAUTY:

(DISTANT, CALLING) Hello! Can you hear us?

NAYSMITH:

That's Pretty's voice!

MEL:

Who's Pretty?

NAYSMITH:

My plus-one! (SCAMPERS AHEAD, CALLING) Pretty! Pretty!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

Pretty, it's me: Naysmith!

PRETTY:

Did you hear that, Mum, it's Naysmith!

BEAUTY:

What's Naysmith doing with Business?

(FX: IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, THE WAILER REVIVES — AND WAILS THROUGH:)

MEL:

Naysmith, wait! That's not a wall —

NAYSMITH:

Sweet luggage! The Wailer!

MEL:

It's alright, it's turning! It's running away!

NAYSMITH:

No it's not! It's turning towards Pretty! (SHE RUNS TOWARD THE WAILER) PRETTY! RUN!

(FX: CROSS TO OTHER SIDE)

PRETTY:

That's — that's the Wailer!

BEAUTY:

(SPITS IT OUT) Business treachery! They've sent the Wailer to meet us!

(FX: WAILER SHRIEKS — AND CHARGES)

NAYSMITH:

(FROM OFF) Pretty! Run!!!

BEAUTY:

You heard her! Run, my Pretty! Run. I'll stay here to face the Wailer.

PRETTY:

But you can't! You'll be killed!

BEAUTY:

Will I? We'll find out. Now go, my beautiful boy. (SHE KISSES HIM) Go!

PRETTY:

(IN TEARS) Please, Mum... no...

(FX: THE WAILER PAUSES BEFORE HER. GROWLING)

BEAUTY:

(STRIDING FORWARD) Terrible beast! It's me you're after: Beauty. Not my son. [Not —]

(FX: THE WAILER POUNCES ON BEAUTY, WITH ITS LOUDEST ROAR YET)

BEAUTY:

(SCREAMS)

PRETTY:

Mother!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(OPENING THEME)

REPRISE:

BEAUTY:

(STRIDING FORWARD) *Terrible beast! It's me you're after: Beauty. Not my son. [Not -]*

(FX: THE WAILER POUNCES ON BEAUTY, WITH ITS LOUDEST ROAR YET)

BEAUTY:

(SCREAMS)

PRETTY:

Mother!

(CONTINUES INTO:)

SCENE 44: INT. STARTRAIN PLATFORM [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: SNORTING/INHALING SOUNDS — THE WAILER KILLS BY TURNING ITS VICTIMS TO DUST AND INHALING THEM)

PRETTY:

Mum? Mum!!!

NAYSMITH:

(RUNNING UP, PAST WAILER) *Pretty, you have to run!*

PRETTY:

(DAZED) *It got her. It got Mum.*

NAYSMITH:

I know, I know. She saved you, Pretty. Her love saved you.

PRETTY:

(DAZED) *It came for me, but she confronted it. It got her instead. It smashed her, turned her to dust.*

MEL:

(RUNNING UP) *What are you two doing, standing around like a pair of ninnies? Into the StarTrain tunnel before that thing stops vacuuming!*

NAYSMITH:

She's right. Pretty, we have to go —

PRETTY:

I can't leave her —

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, WAILER STOPS INHALING, TURNS, BEGINS BUILDING UP TO ANOTHER WAIL)

MEL:

Then her death will mean nothing! She sacrificed herself so you could live.

NAYSMITH:

Mel's right, Pretty. You have to live!

MEL:

We don't have time for this. Take his other hand, Naysmith, and let's get out of here! Come on!

(FX: ALL THREE BELT OUT OF THERE. WAILER BEGINS TO WAIL. FADE)

SCENE 45: INT. PROMENADE

ROGERS:

(UP AHEAD, CALLING BACK) Ma'am, the Promenade is clear.

GALPAN:

Minuted. Director, we can make it to the rim for sure.

ELDER BONES:

Good work, Galpan.

DOCTOR:

"Galpan", is it? We didn't have time to introduce ourselves properly before. Hello, I'm the Doctor.

GALPAN:

(TO ELDER BONES) Begging your pardon, Director Bones, sir, but shall I shut the Prisoner up?

DOCTOR:

Shut me up?!

ROGERS:

Perhaps you'd prefer to talk to the butt of my gun?

ELDER BONES:

Enough, you two. Galpan, take point with Rogers; (CALLING BACK) you interns, stay at the rear. I'll handle the Doctor.

GALPAN:

Sir. (HEADING FRONT) Follow me, Rogers.

DOCTOR:

Such charming friends you have. So, just another – what? – four miles to the Control Tower?

ELDER BONES:

Approximately.

DOCTOR:

And what happens when we get there?

ELDER BONES:

Why – you help me reach the top, Doctor. Break the glass ceiling, you might say.

DOCTOR:

(ODD CHOICE OF PHRASE) 'Glass ceiling'?

ELDER BONES:

Move!!! (FX: THEY MOVE ON)

SCENE 46: INT. STARTRAIN TUNNEL

MEL:

(FX: JOGGING TO HALT, WITH PRETTY & NAYSMITH BEHIND) that's far enough.

NAYSMITH:

Is it safe to stop?

MEL:

(EXHALES) Never mind safe, it's essential – not even Zola Budd could keep that pace. Whew.

PRETTY:

We left Mum. We shouldn't have left Mum!

MEL:

I'm so sorry, Pretty. We didn't have a choice.

PRETTY:

(RELIVING THE MOMENT, TRAUMATISED) Its skin looked so smooth, smooth and grey. It just charged into her, wrapped its thin arms around her. It squeezed – and then, then –

NAYSMITH:

Pretty, this won't help –

PRETTY:

... then, it was like she turned grey, too, like frosted glass. Then she shattered, shattered into dust, and it began to breathe her in. And all I could do was stand and watch.

NAYSMITH:

You couldn't have done anything.

PRETTY:

I should've done something.

SCENE 47: INT. CREW CORRIDORS

(ALL WALKING. A GOOD PACE BUT NOT HURRYING)

(FX: STORM RUMBLES)

DOCTOR:

This so-called 'storm', Elder Bones.

ELDER BONES:

What about it, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I've just worked out what it is. Plasma fire on the spaceport forcefield – am I right, or am I right?

ELDER BONES:

You're a clever man, Doctor. Not since the first generation of passengers died out has anyone divined its true nature.

DOCTOR:

Does the barrage always increase as the spaceport power fluctuates?

ELDER BONES:

That's the theory. But it hasn't fluctuated like this since the day the barriers went up. And now the Wailer is clear of the Tower – well, let's just say I'm hoping to get some serious fluctuating done.

DOCTOR:

(FX: STOPPING, WITH ELDER BONES) Hoping to?

ELDER BONES:

Don't you see, Doctor? It's my own people out there. They're the ones firing on the spaceport.

DOCTOR:

Your people? I thought these were your people?

ELDER BONES:

My real people, come to rescue me from this wretched place. The Palpane never give up on one of their own.

(FX: DOOR OPENS UP AHEAD BUT IT STRUGGLES JUST SLIGHTLY MORE)

ROGERS:

(FROM AHEAD, CALLING BACK) Director Bones, sir, it's getting harder to open the doors.

ELDER BONES:

(CALLING) Then use brute force. Smash them.

DOCTOR:

(TO ELDER BONES) Is that the Palpane's answer to everything? Smash it?

ELDER BONES:

If necessary.

DOCTOR:

Not very effective, is it? Four hundred years of firing and not so much as a dent. You've got to hand it to the Tantane, they make a mean forcefield.

ELDER BONES:

True. Which is why I've just recruited the only man on the planet who knows how to switch it off.

DOCTOR:

Me, you mean? Take a memo, Elder Bones: it won't be all that easy. We could be dealing with an alternating or plain positronic forcefield. My suspicion is that it's the former – that's the more common for this time zone – which means that I'll have to bleed off the neutron feed into dual flux capacitors, whilst at the same time attempting to stop the failsafe kicking in. That won't be easy, especially at gunpoint. And that's in the highly unlikely event that I agree to help you in your machinations.

ELDER BONES:

Oh, I'm sure I can make you see my point of view.

GALPAN:

(FROM AHEAD, CALLING BACK) Better hurry up, sir – I'm holding the door but it wants to go back.

ELDER BONES:

Do excuse me, Doctor. (FX: WALKING FORWARD, DOCTOR BEHIND) Galpan, keep the door open. Rogers, help her. We'll go first, I think, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Palpanes first.

ELDER BONES:

I think not. (PUSHING THE DOCTOR THROUGH) Get a move on, interns!

(FX: APPROACHING FEET AS THE INTERNS SQUEEZE THROUGH)

Quickly!

GALPAN:

Sir! I can't hold it much longer.

DOCTOR:

Here. Let me help you. (STRAINING) I've got it. You'd better stay by the Director. We don't know what's up ahead. Rogers and I can hold the door.

(FX: STORM RUMBLING LOUDER; THE DOOR WHINES)

ELDER BONES:

The Doctor's right, Galpan. Take two interns and scout ahead.

GALPAN:

Sir. You two, follow me.

(FX: THEY HEAD OFF)

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) How are you doing, Rogers?

ROGERS:

(EFFORT) Slipping, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) Brace it with your hands. I've got the bottom with my feet.

ROGERS:

(EFFORT) Right-o.

(FX: 2 x OTHER GUARDS SQUEEZE BY AND GET INSIDE)

ELDER BONES:

That's it. They're all through. You can let go now.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) We'll release at the same time, Rogers, okay?

ROGERS:

(EFFORT) No, Doctor. I'll hold it, you go first.

(THE DOCTOR STOPS HOLDING THE DOOR FRAME. ROGERS TAKES THE STRAIN)

DOCTOR:

Thank you. Just one more thing, Rogers -

(FX: DOOR MOTOR WHINES)

ROGERS:

(STRAINING) Hurry!

DOCTOR:

Are you ticklish at all?

ROGERS:

What? (TICKLED UNDER ARMPITS – GIGGLES) No, no, don't do [that]
– (LAUGHS, LETS GO...

(FX: AND DOOR PRANGS SHUT, SEPARATING THE DOCTOR – AND US –
FROM THE REST)

DOCTOR:

Works every time.

SCENE 48: INT. CONTROL APPROACH CORRIDORS

(ELDER BONES, GALPAN AND THE REST ARE IN HERE; THE DOCTOR IS OUTSIDE, SEPARATED BY THAT DOOR)

ELDER BONES:

You fool, the Doctor's still on the other side!

ROGERS:

I'll have him, I'll have him.

(FX: ROGERS FIRES ON THE DOOR)

GALPAN:

Quit it! Rogers!

(FX: ROGERS STOPS)

You're Business, you're supposed to keep a cool head. We can open the door again from this side. (SHE PRESSES THE PANEL) Get ready to pull it open... Now!

(FX: ROGERS YANKS IT OPEN — IT WHINES AS BEFORE)

(... BUT THE DOCTOR CAN'T BE SEEN)

ROGERS:

He's gone!

ELDER BONES:

Get after him, then. I need him at the Control Tower.

GALPAN:

Can't be far. Rogers, you others — guns to stun; ricochet blasts! Either he'll fall, or give himself up.

ELDER BONES:

Wait! We need to blue-sky this. The Doctor is a serious competitor but ultimately he has the same goal as I do. He can't free his ship if he doesn't get to the Control Tower. So what will his next move be...?

GALPAN:

To get back to his fellow passenger?

ELDER BONES:

The woman Mel, yes. Rogers, take the interns and search the whole route from Duty Free to Economy. When you find the Doctor, secure him. Anyone else, make them redundant.

ROGERS:

Sir.

(FX: ROGERS & 2 x INTERNS RUSH THROUGH DOOR; IT CLOSES)

ELDER BONES:

Galpan, you're with me.

(FX: GALPAN & ELDER BONES EXIT. FADE)

SCENE 49: INT. STARTRAIN TUNNEL

MEL:

Pretty, do Economy know the Wailer is loose?

PRETTY:

No. They just knew about summer.

MEL:

That's a pity.

NAYSMITH:

I'll say.

MEL:

No, I mean – if they knew, if they'd been warned, we could stop trying to reach them. You see, I've been going over and over the map in my head and I can't remember any route that doesn't take us back past the Wailer.

PRETTY:

Good. That means I can kill it.

NAYSMITH:

The Doctor and Elder Bones can't help us. They'll be well on their way to the Control Tower now.

PRETTY:

Elder Bones doesn't want to help us. He just wanted us to distract the Wailer so he could get away.

MEL:

What do you mean?

PRETTY:

Elder Bones sent us, Mum and me. Said it was a great honour. Said I would broker peace between Business and Economy. And what was waiting for us? The Wailer. Which kills Mum while Elder Bones gets to the Control Tower.

NAYSMITH:

You don't know that. The Wailer could just've been in the way.

MEL:

Though we didn't see any Business on our side, did we?

NAYSMITH:

I can't believe Elder Bones would sacrifice Beauty.

PRETTY:

I bet Business's Director wouldn't sacrifice any of *his* people. It'd be wasteful.

NAYSMITH:

Business are our enemy, Pretty.

MEL:

You were talking earlier about teaming up with them.

NAYSMITH:

I was wrong. (DOUBTS CREEPING IN) Business will always be our enemy... always.

PRETTY:

So Elder Bones says. (DECISIVELY) You two do what you like. I'm going after Elder Bones. (WALKS)

NAYSMITH:

Pretty! Come back! Pretty!

MEL:

Leave him, Naysmith. He's hurt, that's all.

NAYSMITH:

You don't think he's right, do you? That Elder Bones really used him and Mrs Swanson, to distract the Wailer?

MEL:

I don't know. But I don't trust that Elder Bones. Five-hundred year old men aren't always what they seem.

NAYSMITH:

I hope Pretty will be alright.

MEL:

I'm sure he will. All he'll find that way is the rim corridor, it'll take him in a massive circle back to Duty Free.

NAYSMITH:

Can't we follow him?

MEL:

Not if we want to be sure of warning Economy before the Wailer gets there. We've got to go back, past the Wailer.

NAYSMITH:

That's suicide!

MEL:

Don't worry, I've got a plan.

(THEY WALK OFF)

SCENE 50: INT. CREW CORRIDORS

(FX: ROGERS & 2 x INTERNS RUSHING PAST)

ROGERS:

(RUNNING) Come on! Thinks he's so smart, that Doctor. But there's nowhere else for him to go but this way!

(FX: THEY RUN PAST)

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO, EMERGING FROM HIDING) Apart from behind this drinks machine, of course. That's the problem with thugs: no imagination. I wasn't planning on running away, just doubling back around the crew corridors and following Elder Bones at a safer distance. (WALKING) Now, if my calculations are correct, this should be Corridor B, from whence I can— (STOPS, BAFFLED) Corridor G? Well, where did you spring from?

SCENE 51: INT. STARTRAIN PLATFORM

(FX: THE WAILER WHEEZING SLEEPILY, OFF)

NAYSMITH:

(SOTTO) This is madness!

MEL:

(SOTTO) Not if it works. Come on: I think it's dozing.

NAYSMITH:

(SOTTO) Sleeping off its meal of Mrs Swanson.

MEL:

(SOTTO) Very probably. Now keep your head below the platform.

(FX: THEY CROSS CAREFULLY TO THE WAILER... WHICH MOANS)

NAYSMITH:

(SOTTO) The rail's slippery here. Oil or something. Watch you don't slip.

MEL:

(STOPPING. SOTTO) That's not oil. It's blood.

NAYSMITH:

(STOPPING. SOTTO) Blood?

MEL:

(SOTTO) Look at the Wailer. There's a shiny patch on its skin.

NAYSMITH:

(SOTTO) So?

MEL:

(SOTTO) Naysmith, I think it's bleeding. I think someone shot it!

NAYSMITH:

(SOTTO) Good. I hope you don't expect me to feel sorry for it?

MEL:

(SOTTO) No, but it might explain why it reacted like it did when it saw Pretty and Mrs Swanson. It must have thought they'd come to finish the job!

NAYSMITH:

(SOTTO) It doesn't think. It just kills.

MEL:

(SOTTO) It's a wild beast. It acts on instinct. When it's afraid, it lashes out.

(FX: THE WAILER STIRS FULLY)

NAYSMITH:

(SOTTO) Mel! It's waking up! Whatever that plan of yours was, you'd better use it!

MEL:

(SOTTO) Well it rather relies on my wild beast theory. (FX: BLEEP ON HANDHELD) I saw a camera app on this Handheld. I'm just hoping I can find the - ha!

(FX: WAILER BEGINS TO WAIL)

NAYSMITH:

The what-?

MEL:

... inbuilt flash!

(FX: CLICK-CLICK-CLICK AS THE HANDHELD TAKES PICTURES. WAILER WAILS)

NAYSMITH:

The light! It's afraid of the light!

MEL:

Most creatures who live in darkness are. Now let's get going before it lashes out.

(FX: THEY RUN)

SCENE 52: INT. CREW CORRIDORS

(FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING FROM OFF – PRETTY’S, IN FACT)

ROGERS:

(SOTTO) Here he comes. Get your head down, intern!

(FX: FOOTSTEPS GROW LOUDER)

(SOTTO) Get lost, did you, Doctor? Too bad. (TO THE INTERNS)
Get ready to jump him the moment he rounds the corner. Wait for it... wait for it... Now!

(FX: ROGERS & 2 x INTERNS CHARGE FORWARD. A STRUGGLE.)

ROGERS:

Got you! Not so smart now, are you, Doct – (BREAKS OFF) Wait, who are you?

PRETTY:

My name’s Pretty, I’m from Economy.

ROGERS:

(SPITS) Economy!

PRETTY:

Please – I want to join you in Business. I want to upgrade.

SCENE 53: INT. CONTROL APPROACH CORRIDORS

(FX: OPEN DOOR LET GO... SLICES SHUT)

GALPAN:

We're going to need another plan, sir. If this keeps up, the next door won't even open enough to get our fingers in.

ELDER BONES:

Where's your get-up-and-go, Galpan? Come on, it can only be another mile!

GALPAN:

If we could just rest a moment, sir?

ELDER BONES:

If we must.

(FX: THEY SIT ON THE FLOOR. STORM RUMBLES)

GALPAN:

I've brought my ration with me, Director Bones, sir. I'd be honoured if I could share it with you.

ELDER BONES:

Your honour is received.

GALPAN:

What will you have? Chicken or fish? Or there is a vegetarian option.

SCENE 54: INT. CREW CORRIDORS

(FX: FRANTIC GAME BEEPS FROM HANDHELD — DOCTOR PLAYING THE CATHEDRAL GAMES AGAIN)

DOCTOR:

(CONCENTRATING) Come on, come on — YES!

(A HIGH-SCORE BLEEP; LIKE ELECTRONIC BEATIFICATION)

GAME VOICE:

New High Score! Congratulations!

DOCTOR:

Four million Cathedrals built. Christopher Wren's got nothing on me!

GAME VOICE:

Enter your nickname.

DOCTOR:

Now, what shall I call myself?

SCENE 55: INT. CONTROL APPROACH CORRIDORS

(GALPAN AND ELDER BONES STILL SITTING, EATING)

GALPAN:

My family can trace its ancestry all the way back to before the starships were trapped here. But we could never find out whether we were descended from passengers or crew. It occupied my grandfather to his dying day. I tried to help but there are just so few records from then.

ELDER BONES:

What is your family name?

GALPAN:

"Captain."

(RUMBLE OF THUNDER)

Sir, when we reach the Tower – what then?

ELDER BONES:

We shut down the forcefield that's kept us all trapped in this spaceport for nineteen generations.

GALPAN:

Yes, but – we can't do that, can we? We need the Doctor.

ELDER BONES:

Don't be so sure about that. (GETS OUT HANDHELD & TURNS IT ON)

GALPAN:

What's that?

ELDER BONES:

It's called a Handheld. There are stacks of them just lying around in Duty Free.

GALPAN:

But what does it do?

ELDER BONES:

Among its many applications is this one: voice memo.

(FX: BLEEP. HANDHELD PLAYS RECORDING FROM SC 47:)

DOCTOR:

- it won't be all that easy. We could be dealing with an alternating or plain positronic forcefield. My suspicion is that it's the former - that's the more common for this time zone - which means that I'll have to bleed off the neutron feed into dual flux capacitors, whilst at the same time attempting to stop the failsafe kicking in. That won't be easy, especially at gun-

(FX: BLEEP OFF)

ELDER BONES:

(SOFTLY) No, Doctor, I think it will be easy... now. (TO GALPAN)
Break's over, Galpan. Move!

(FX: THEY STAND AND LEAVE)

SCENE 56: INT. DUTY FREE

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

MEL:

Wait here, Naysmith.

NAYSMITH:

(FROM DOORWAY.) Why are we back here? The Doctor and Elder Bones left Duty Free ages ago.

MEL:

We don't know that for sure. (CALLING) Doctor? Doctor, are you here-?

PRETTY:

(OFF) No. But I am.

NAYSMITH:

(ENTERING) Pretty?!

MEL:

How'd you get here, ahead of us?

PRETTY:

Through the Business Lounge.

NAYSMITH:

Are you mad? You could've been [caught and] – [STOPS] Pretty, what are you wearing?

PRETTY:

Pinstripes. Do you like them?

MEL:

Very clever! You went through in disguise!

PRETTY:

Not quite, no.

ROGERS:

(EMERGING FROM BEHIND) Alright, that's enough. Hands up, both of you!

NAYSMITH:

(STARTLED) Sweet luggage! Business! Don't just stand there, Pretty. Run!

ROGERS:

(STEPPING FORWARD) You Economies are so stupid. Can't see what's staring you in the face. Pretty-boy's with us now. He's upgraded to Business.

NAYSMITH:

What? No! Pretty, you haven't!

MEL:

Oh yes he has, Naysmith. He's in with them, right up to his red braces!

PRETTY:

I'm sorry. But Business are going places, Naysmith. Economy – they're going nowhere.

ROGERS:

You – travelling companion of the Doctor. I want you to bring him to me.

MEL:

Or what? You'll downgrade me to cargo?

ROGERS:

I'm not playing games, girl.

MEL:

Neither am I. There's no way I'm selling out the Doctor!

ROGERS:

(ASIDE) Interns – make the Economy girl redundant.

PRETTY:

What? – No, that wasn't the deal!

ROGERS:

Either you're Business or your Economy, Pretty-boy. If you don't want to see us liquidate your girlfriend, you can always close your eyes.

PRETTY:

You betrayed me!

ROGERS:

Sorry, son. Just business.

(FX: SUDDENLY, MEL'S HANDHELD BLEEPS – TEXT ALERT SORT OF THING)

What's that?

MEL:

Nothing.

ROGERS:

It came from that Handheld. Show me. Quickly!

MEL:

It's just a game notification. That's all.

ROGERS:

(GRABBING IT) Let me read that. "New Galactic High Score. Four Million Cathedrals, set by..." Well, well. Set by someone called 'Hello-Mel-I'm-lost'.

SCENE 57: INT. CREW CORRIDORS

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) I may not have thought this through. How long is it going to take Mel to beat four million Cathedrals?

(FX: CONGRATULATORY BLEEP)

GAME VOICE:

New player named "We're In Duty Free" has sent you congratulations!

DOCTOR:

Ah-ha!

SCENE 58: INT. BASE OF CONTROL TOWER

(FX: MASSIVE DOOR OPENS)

GALPAN:

This is it, sir. The base of the Control Tower.

ELDER BONES:

(READING) 'Restricted Personnel Only'. Well – not any more!
Come on, Galpan. Up the ladder we go!

(FX: CLANGING METAL LADDER RUNGS AS ELDER BONES BEGINS TO CLIMB)

GALPAN:

(CALLING AFTER HIM) Please, be careful, sir! You don't know what's up there. You could be running into trouble, sir!

(FX: VERY DISTANT WAILER HOWL)

GALPAN:

We could be running into trouble, sir.

(FX: SHE FOLLOWS HIM UP THE LADDER)

SCENE 59: INT. CREW CORRIDORS

(FX: ROGERS & 2 x INTERNS LEAD MEL, NAYSMITH & PRETTY TO STOP)

ROGERS:

Well? Anything more from player name 'Meet-Me-in-Crew-Corridor-G'?

MEL:

Nothing. Sorry.

PRETTY:

Well, where is he?

NAYSMITH:

Perhaps he's got lost again-?

(FX: NOTIFICATION BLEEP)

MEL:

Hold on. -

ROGERS:

What's he calling himself now?

MEL:

Nickname "Lose-the-two-goons-please".

NAYSMITH:

The Doctor can see us-?

ROGERS:

In that case, (ALoud) he can see I've a liquidator pointed at his girlfriend's head, can't he? Still, let's not be petty.
(BEAT) You two interns - back to the Business Lounge. On the double!

(FX: 2 x INTERNS RUSH OFF)

PRETTY:

You're doing what he says?

ROGERS:

Son, if you understood Business, you'd know you don't share the credit with anyone, ever. And I need all the credit I can get with the Director right now. So I'm more than happy to recapture the Doctor single-handed!

MEL:

It really is a harsh, cruel world you live in, isn't it, Rogers?

ROGERS:

(CALLS OUT) Doctor, if you don't show yourself in ten seconds, Ginger here gets it.

(FX: NOTIFICATION BLEEP)

Stop playing games, Doctor. I'm not interested in your pathetic little messages.

MEL:

You might be interested in this one. It's from someone called 'Mindy Ourhead'.

ROGERS:

Mindy who-?

DOCTOR:

(ABOVE THEM) Mind your head!

ROGERS:

What-?

(FX: DOCTOR DROPS THROUGH VENTILATION SHAFT ABOVE, KNOCKING ROGERS OFF-BALANCE; GUN SKITTERS)

DOCTOR:

(LANDING) Hello, Mel. Did you miss me?

MEL:

'Mindy Ourhead'?

DOCTOR:

My finger slipped on the space button. It's hard to text and cling on to an air conditioning vent on the ceiling at the same time.

(ROGERS GROANS)

How are you, Rogers?

ROGERS:

(AS IN "A FAIR COP") It's a fair trade. You got me.

PRETTY:

Yes, and I've got your gun.

DOCTOR:

Well, put it down, there's a good chap.

PRETTY:

My Mum's dead.

DOCTOR:

I'm very sorry to hear it. Did I know her?

PRETTY:

You brought the Summer, and now my Mum's dead.

NAYSMITH:

It wasn't the Doctor's fault, Pretty!

MEL:

Pretty, put the gun down.

DOCTOR:

Stay back, Mel.

PRETTY:

Yes, stay back. Do as you're told. We all do as we're told. Well, the last thing anyone told me got my Mum killed. I'm not listening to Elder Bones, I'm not listening to anyone. Especially not a Doctor who brought us that wretched Summer.

DOCTOR:

All we did was arrive, Pretty. Then all this just happened around us.

MEL:

Mind you, that does happen a lot.

ROGERS:

'Elder Bones'. D'you mean, 'Director Bones'?

PRETTY:

Stay down, you.

NAYSMITH:

Elder Bones is the leader of Economy. He protects us from Business.

ROGERS:

Director Bones is the leader of Business. He protects us from Economy!

DOCTOR:

And the penny finally drops. Elder, or 'Director' Bones leads both Economy and Business. And I do believe he has done so for some four hundred years.

ROGERS:

That's impossible!

DOCTOR:

No, it makes perfect sense. Divide and conquer. One man controlling all of the last remaining resources in a cut-off spaceport, holding the balance of power, making sure no one tribe gets the upper hand... yes, it's all worked very well for him.

NAYSMITH:

But without his protection, people die!

DOCTOR:

I expect they do. Especially the ones who ask awkward questions. Questions like 'why can't we all just get along?'

ROGERS:

Well, well. The crafty airsteward.

PRETTY:

(DEFEATED) Then who exactly can we trust?

NAYSMITH:

Me.

MEL:

Us.

DOCTOR:

Everyone. Why not start by trusting everyone and wait for them to prove you wrong? That's what I do and I've never been proved wrong. Well, seldom ever.

PRETTY:

Everyone?

DOCTOR:

Well, everyone in this corridor, at least. Me, Mel, Naysmith, even Rogers. He can trust you, can't he, Rogers?

ROGERS:

I suppose.

PRETTY:

All right, but I'm keeping the gun.

NAYSMITH:

So what now, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Childe Roland to the Control Tower came.

MEL:

Very poetic, but isn't that the last place we should go?

ROGERS:

She's right, Doctor. Elder Bones was buy-out keen to get you to the Control Tower.

DOCTOR:

He wants to restore the power, get the spaceport functioning again. Which isn't a bad idea when you think of it.

NAYSMITH:

Functioning again? What would that be like?

DOCTOR:

Summer.

NAYSMITH:

Oh, Pretty. Just think of that: eternal summer!

MEL:

So is that what we're going to do? Help Bones turn the power back on?

(FX: STORM RUMBLES)

DOCTOR:

Not until we sort that 'storm' out. Elder Bones says it's his people, the Palpane, firing on the spaceport forcefield.

MEL:

The Palpane-?

DOCTOR:

No, I'm none the wiser myself.

PRETTY:

(BY ROTE) "The Palpane were wonderful heroes, who could never be defeated by the dishonourable Shargrain – no matter how hard the Shargrain tried." It's a story Elder Bones used to read us by the campfire.

(FX: STORM RUMBLES)

DOCTOR:

Heroes? Interesting. I wonder if that's really Palpane plasma fire...

MEL:

You mean it might be 'the dishonourable Shargrain'?

DOCTOR:

Whoever it is, I want to talk to them before I lower the forcefield.

PRETTY:

So let's go! To the Control Tower.

DOCTOR:

Not you, young man. Not if you're planning on bringing that gun.

PRETTY:

I'm not letting go of it.

NAYSMITH:

Then you're not coming.

PRETTY:

Naysmith-?

NAYSMITH:

Go back to Economy, Pretty. Tell them to bunker down. Summer might be coming back – and they'll need to be told, so they it doesn't frighten them.

PRETTY:

You're not in charge.

MEL:

She sounds like she should be.

NAYSMITH:

Please, Pretty. You're frightened and upset and you might put us all in danger if you come with us. Please, go back to the others.

(BEAT)

PRETTY:

(MISERABLE) Alright.

DOCTOR:

Take Mel's Handheld. If we need you, we'll send you a message.

SCENE 60: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: THE ROOM IS BUZZING WITH ELECTRONICS. GALPAN BLASTS THE DOOR OPEN)

GALPAN:

(ENTERING) It's clear, sir, you can come in now.

ELDER BONES:

(ENTERING) The Control Tower – after all these years!

GALPAN:

That's a map control panel over there! And it's still got power. We can see where Rogers is!

ELDER BONES:

Later, Galpan, later. Now – (SETTLING IN CHAIR) – “bleed off the neutron feed into the dual flux capacitors...”

GALPAN:

What are flux capacitors, Sir?

SCENE 61: INT. CREW CORRIDORS

(FX: A FEW SPARKS. DOCTOR LEADING MEL, NAYSMITH AND ROGERS THROUGH NARROW TUNNELS)

NAYSMITH:

Where are we now?

DOCTOR:

Crew corridors. Passengers get all the automatic doors, plush carpets and bright corridors with restaurants and gift shops. Crew get, well, tunnels.

ROGERS:

So these tunnels run everywhere?

DOCTOR:

Pretty much. They mirror the passenger corridors above.

ROGERS:

But what's the point of doubling everything up?

MEL:

It's so that passengers and crew don't mix – right, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Right, Mel. Elder Bones kept them a secret, so he could move between Economy and Business with ease.

NAYSMITH:

Look! On the floor! I've found something. (PICKING UP DISCARDED TOOTH) It's a tooth.

ROGERS:

Merger me, it's a Wailer tooth!

MEL:

Funny, it's sort of – I don't know, hollow. Like a straw. Ughh! A vampire tooth!

NAYSMITH:

But if the Wailer was here, and Elder Bones was, too...

ROGERS:

How come it never killed Director Bones?

DOCTOR:

Good questions all. And the answers lie this way!

(FX: ALL MOVE ON)

SCENE 62: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: ELDER BONES WORKING CONTROLS – SWITCHES ETC)

ELDER BONES:

I had hoped we could just bring the forcefield down directly, but it's not responding. Maybe we did need the Doctor after all. No matter, let's power up the doors. Move a few walls. Drain the system.

(FX: ELDER BONES SWITCHES ON MORE AND MORE SYSTEMS – WHICH IN TURN SWITCH MORE ON THEMSELVES.)

GALPAN:

Sir? This forcefield – what's it protecting us from?

ELDER BONES:

It's none of your concern, Galpan.

GALPAN:

Fields equal shields, sir. And the Protector of the Share Price does not bring down shields.

ELDER BONES:

They're my people! I'm not one of you, Galpan.

GALPAN:

Not one of us? Not Business?

ELDER BONES:

Not Business, not Economy. I was trapped here and for four hundred years my people have been trying to rescue me! Switch off the forcefield – deplete its power, even – and I am out of here at last.

GALPAN:

You must be important to them, sir. Most people would have given up after four hundred years.

ELDER BONES:

I'm a hero. The man who could've ended the war with the dishonourable Shargrain. Now help me drain the power from the shields.

GALPAN:

I'm sorry, sir – but whoever's firing on us, they're still firing on us. And we will not lower shields while we're under attack.

ELDER BONES:

Point your gun elsewhere, woman! Business people. You're as bad as Economy.

(FX: TEXT SCROLLING ACROSS SCREEN, BIPPING AS IT DOES SO)

Ah, what's this? (READING) "Welcome to Tantane Spaceport Control Systems. Do you want to lower forcefield? Y/N." Y, I think -

(FX: BUTTON)

GALPAN:

(ALARM) Sir, step away from the controls.

(FX: MORE TEXT)

ELDER BONES:

"Are you sure? Y/N." Oh, for Palpane's sake -

(FX: BUTTON)

GALPAN:

No!

(FX: BANKS OF HUMMING FORCEFIELDS SLAM OFF: BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!
SILENCE)

(BEAT)

GALPAN:

Is that it?

ELDER BONES:

(STUNNED) That's it. After four hundred years, the forcefield -
is down! (LAUGHS)

GALPAN:

So... what now?

ELDER BONES:

We prepare for arrivals. (INTO MIC) Incoming vessel, you are
cleared for landing. Welcome to Tantane Spaceport!

SCENE 63: INT. CREW CORRIDORS

(FX: WHUMP-WHUMP-WHUMP LIGHTS ARE COMING ON)

NAYSMITH:

Doctor! The lights, they're blinding!

ROGERS:

Summer again! Director Bones has brought back summer!

MEL:

Why's he done that, Doctor? All he wanted to do was lower the forcefield, wasn't it?

DOCTOR:

I think he's preparing to welcome guests.

ROGERS:

Guests?

DOCTOR:

Whoever it is the spaceport's spent four hundred years trying to keep out!

(FX: SHIP LANDING SOUND ECHOES THROUGH THE CORRIDOR. VERY LOUD; LIKE BEING NEAR A RUNWAY)

NAYSMITH:

What's that noise?

MEL:

It's a ship landing!

DOCTOR:

Mel – use the Handheld. Warn Pretty and the rest of Economy, there's an Arrival coming in!

MEL:

Hold on, what's this symbol on the screen?

DOCTOR:

Aerial, even better. Restoring the power has rebooted the spaceport wi-fi.

MEL:

The why what?

DOCTOR:

Give me that, please. We need to connect to player "We're-in-Duty-Free" again.

(FX: LANDING NOISE HAS STOPPED. DIALLING BEEPS ON HANDHELD THROUGH:)

ROGERS:

That noise, it's stopped!

NAYSMITH:

The ship must have landed.

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) Come on, come on. Pretty, press green, it's – pretty obvious.

PRETTY:

(OVER HANDHELD) – do I make this noise stop?

DOCTOR:

(INTO HANDHELD) Pretty, Pretty, don't be alarmed, it's the Doctor. Yes, it's my voice, speaking to you through the Handheld.

PRETTY:

(OVER HANDHELD) Carry me on, I don't believe it!

DOCTOR:

(INTO HANDHELD) Pretty, where are you?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 64: INT. ARRIVALS

(FX: ECHOING OVER TANNOYS)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. There is one arrival.

PRETTY:

(INTO HANDHELD) I'm in Arrivals, Doctor. There are lights flashing, over the Arrivals doors. Green lights. What does that mean?

DOCTOR:

(OVER HANDHELD) It means you have to get out of there, right now!

(FX: GRAND ARRIVALS DOORS GRIND OPEN)

PRETTY:

(INTO HANDHELD) Doctor, the doors, they're opening –

DOCTOR:

(OVER HANDHELD) Get out of there!

(FX: AND A SEETHING MASS OF WAILERS POUR THROUGH, SHRIEKING)

PRETTY:

Boarding hell! They're hundreds of them!

DOCTOR:

(OVER HANDHELD) Hundreds of who? Who's there?

PRETTY:

Wailers! The arrivals are all Wailers!

(FX: MASSED WAILING INTO CLOSING THEME)

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(OPENING THEME)

REPRISE:

(FX: GRAND ARRIVALS DOORS GRIND OPEN — WE'VE CHANGED POSITION TO THE CREW CORRIDOR NOW, SO PRETTY IS THE ONE HEARD OVER THE HANDHELD)

PRETTY:

(OVER HANDHELD) Doctor, the doors, they're opening —

DOCTOR:

(INTO HANDHELD) Get out of there!

(FX: AND A SEETHING MASS OF WAILERS POUR THROUGH, SHRIEKING)

PRETTY:

(OVER HANDHELD) Boarding hell! They're hundreds of them!

DOCTOR:

(INTO HANDHELD) Hundreds of who? Who's there?

PRETTY:

(OVER HANDHELD) Wailers! The arrivals are all Wailers!

(FX: MASSED WAILING)

SCENE 65: INT. CREW CORRIDORS

DOCTOR:

(INTO HANDHELD) Pretty, I need you to run. Don't stop, don't think and above all, don't start shooting!

(FX: STATIC FROM HANDHELD)

Pretty! Did you get that? Pretty!

NAYSMITH:

Why doesn't he answer? He's not — [dead?]

MEL:

He might just have dropped the Handheld?

DOCTOR:

(UNCONVINCINGLY) That's, er, probably it.

NAYSMITH:

I have to go to Arrivals. I have to see if he's alright.

DOCTOR:

I'm coming with you. A shipful of Wailers just landed. Diplomacy, tact and a cool head, that's what's needed here.

MEL:

I'd better come with you, then.

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Mel. I need you in the Control Tower. We may need to shut the spaceport down again.

ROGERS:

But what about Director Bones?

DOCTOR:

He's got what he wanted. I doubt he's planning on hanging around. Rogers, go with Mel to the Control Tower. Don't get into a fight, don't do anything stupid, and – oh, just use your common sense, both of you.

MEL:

Come on, Rogers, lead the way!

(FX: MEL & ROGERS HEAD OFF)

DOCTOR:

Come on, Naysmith. Time to greet the new arrivals.

(FX: THEY HEAD OFF IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION)

SCENE 66: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: WITH THE FIELD DOWN, ALL ENERGY GOES TO NORMAL SYSTEMS SO THIS ROOM IS BUZZING EVEN MORE)

ELDER BONES:

Reboot complete. All systems back online. Power levels at sixty per cent and rising. Now this is the Tantane Spaceport I remember!

GALPAN:

(WINCING) How do you stand the lights and the noise?

ELDER BONES:

Oh, it's always noisy in the Control Tower. In fact, that's pretty much all I can remember from my interrogation.

GALPAN:

Interrogation? Who interrogated you?

ELDER BONES:

Later, Galpan, later.

GALPAN:

(COCKING LASER PISTOL) No, sir. Now, if you please.

ELDER BONES:

Really, Galpan, have you lost your mind? You've served me well, I grant you, but if you don't lower that gun and give it to me this instant, I'll do more than give you a bad annual review.

GALPAN:

I'm sorry, sir, but I don't like what I'm hearing. The defence shields, the new arrivals, and now this mention of an interrogation. I need some answers and I need them fast.

ELDER BONES:

I am Director Bones, I do not have to answer anyone! (CHANGING TACK & APPARENTLY GIVING IN) But, you're right. I'm not being entirely honest with you, Galpan. And that's wrong of me. You deserve more.

GALPAN:

Thank you, sir.

ELDER BONES:

It's just I find being at the point of a gun uncongenial to a frank and open exchange of views.

GALPAN:

(LOWERING GUN) Sorry, sir. Perhaps I was being a bit hasty.

ELDER BONES:

Not at all, Galpan. You were just doing your job. Now, the information I'm about to tell you is top secret. It will explain everything that's happened in this spaceport for the past half millennium. But if I'm to share it with you, I need to know I can trust you.

GALPAN:

(EAGERLY) You can, sir!

ELDER BONES:

Give me the gun, then. As a token of trust. (GALPAN HESITATES) Come on, Galpan. Don't you want to know why your family name is 'Captain'?

GALPAN:

You know that?

ELDER BONES:

That and a great deal more besides. Now: the gun?

GALPAN:

(HANDING IT OVER) Here.

ELDER BONES:

Thank you.

(FX: HE FIRES THE GUN & IT HITS GALPAN SQUARELY. SHE'S THROWN BACKWARDS INTO A BANK OF COMPUTERS, SLAMS INTO THEM & COLLAPSES ONTO THE FLOOR)

GALPAN:

(CRIES OUT)

ELDER BONES:

First lesson of business, Galpan. Trust no one.

(FX: PRESSING BUTTONS)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Tantane Spaceport power levels rising.

ELDER BONES:

Oh, I wish they were still alive to see me take my revenge. Trap me for centuries, keep me out of the war that I could've ended?

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Tantane Spaceport reactors at unsafe levels. Commencing automatic shutdown.

ELDER BONES:

(FX: SWITCH-FLICKING) I don't think so.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Automatic shutdown cancelled. Warning. Reactors critical.

ELDER BONES:

All you had to do was let me through Customs. That's all. I'd have been gone in an hour – and the Shargrain would have been wiped out forever! But no, you had to make a fuss about a 'stolen' Wailer. Contraband. Illegal transport of a protected species. Biological weaponry. Such rot!

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Warning. Reactor failure in twenty-five minutes .

ELDER BONES:

Time to be going. Goodbye, Galpan. Sorry it had to end like this, but business is business. You won't mind if I borrow your gun, I hope.

(FX: EXITS DOWN LADDER)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Reactor failure in twenty-four minutes.

SCENE 67: INT. CONCOURSE BY ARRIVALS

(FX: DISTANT WAILING. BLASTS FROM PRETTY'S GUN [IE, ROGERS' OLD GUN] GETTING LOUDER AS NAYSMITH & DOCTOR RUN UP. EACH BLAST IS ANSWERED BY SEVERAL WAILS)

NAYSMITH:

Doctor, that came from Arrivals!

DOCTOR:

That boy! I told him not to start firing! Pretty!

PRETTY:

(FX: RUSHING TOWARDS THEM) Naysmith! Doctor...!

NAYSMITH:

Pretty! You're alive!

DOCTOR:

I thought I told you not to start shooting!

PRETTY:

I didn't. They started it!

(FX: FUSILLADE OF WAILER GUNFIRE ZIZZES THROUGH, PAST THEM. EXULTANT WAILS)

See what I mean?

DOCTOR:

Ah, well, I suppose that's different.

PRETTY:

I've only been firing warning shots. I wasn't trying to kill them.

DOCTOR:

All the same, I think I'd be happier if Naysmith had the gun. (TAKES IT & GIVES IT TO NAYSMITH) Here you go, Naysmith. Try not to fire it – under any circumstance.

NAYSMITH:

But how else can we fight them?

DOCTOR:

Watch and learn. (SHOUTING) Wailers! Wailers! (FRUSTRATED) Oh would you please stop wailing, just for a moment! (FX: WAILERS QUIETEN) Thank you. Now, my name's the Doctor and I'm coming in!

SCENE 68: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Reactor failure in twenty-two minutes.

GALPAN:

(GROANS)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Reactor failure in twenty-two minutes.

GALPAN:

(WITH AN EFFORT TO STAND UP) I heard you the first time.

(FX: STAGGERS OVER TO CONTROLS)

Now, I'm sure one of these buttons should shut it down. But which one?

(FX: SHE PUSHES RANDOMLY AT A BUTTON)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

The must-see Tantane Music Festival is inspired by Earth's Lilith Fair –

GALPAN:

(FX: STABBING AT CONTROLS) Not that one!

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Please have your boarding passes ready. We will begin by –

(FX: ANOTHER BUTTON)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

There is currently a half-price sale on perfumes in the Duty Free shop on Concourse One. Travellers are advised to–

GALPAN:

(OVER THIS) The reactor! Give me controls to the reactor!

(FX: GALPAN THUMPS THE COMPUTER DESK IN FRUSTRATION)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Newsflash. The Dewplayser Cluster is withdrawing from the Tantane Cathedral Games.

SCENE 69: INT. CREW CORRIDORS

(FX: ROGERS RUSHING MEL THROUGH CORRIDORS)

MEL:

How much further, Rogers?

ROGERS:

One more left, I think, then [two more rights]

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, ELDER BONES' FOOTSTEPS RUNNING TOWARDS THEM FROM OTHER SIDE OF STEREO FIELD)

MEL:

Someone's coming! (SEES HIM) It's Elder Bones!

ELDER BONES:

(RUSHING TOWARDS THEM) Your welcome is received!

ROGERS:

Stop right there, 'Director Bones'. I want a word with you.

ELDER BONES:

(STOPS) Oh, very well. But I'm severely pressed for time. Rogers, isn't it?

ROGERS:

That's right.

ELDER BONES:

The one I sent to capture the Doctor. Well, did you get him?

ROGERS:

Not exactly.

ELDER BONES:

Poor performance, Rogers. You're fired! (FX: FIRES HIS GUN & KILLS ROGERS)

ROGERS:

(CRIES OUT & DIES)

MEL:

You... you killed him! He worked for you, protected you – and you killed him!

ELDER BONES:

Firing employees is a traumatic but necessary part of business. Now, Mel – I'd sooner save this weapon's charge, but if you want to be next, by all means, keep standing in my way.

MEL:

They're Wailers, you know.

ELDER BONES:

Wailers?

MEL:

The ship that landed.

ELDER BONES:

Wailers? But... my people!

MEL:

Yes, your people need you against the Wailers. Economy – and Business. They need you now.

ELDER BONES:

Oh, as if they matter. Miserable, pathetic creatures. They'll be gone in twenty minutes.

MEL:

You really think you'll survive any longer? I've seen what one Wailer can do – but a whole ship of them!

ELDER BONES:

(DECIDES) A ship. Yes! The Wailers have a ship. I'll make them listen.

(HE RUNS OFF)

(CALLS BACK) Don't try to follow me, or I'll see to it that you get early retirement.

MEL:

Mad! You're mad!

SCENE 70: INT. ARRIVALS

(FX: THE DOCTOR APPROACHING THE WAILERS. THEY'VE STOPPED FIRING AND THEIR WAILING DIES DOWN WARILY BUT THEY STILL SCRAPE ABOUT)

DOCTOR:

Hello. You must be the Wailers. I'm the Doctor. (NO RESPONSE)
The Doctor and the Wailers. Has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?

(FX: THE LEAD WAILER IS AS HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMY AS YOU CAN DO WITHOUT IT SOUNDING DAFT. SHORT, SHARP, SPIKY VOICE)

LEAD WAILER:

Doctor return young. Doctor dies.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry?

LEAD WAILER:

Seek young. Find young. Doctor return young. Doctor dies.

DOCTOR:

Really, I do wish alien races would use definite and indefinite articles. It makes it so difficult to communicate properly. (TO THE WAILER) What do you mean 'Doctor return young'? You mean you want me to regenerate?

(CROSS DIRECTLY TO:)

SCENE 71: INT. CONCOURSE BY ARRIVALS

NAYSMITH:

Listen. The Wailers have stopped.

PRETTY:

The Doctor must have entered into negotiations with them.
(IMPRESSED) Businesslike. The Doctor would make a good
replacement for Elder Bones.

NAYSMITH:

I've been thinking the same thing.

(CROSS BACK TO:)

SCENE 72: INT. ARRIVALS

LEAD WAILER:

Seek young. Find young.

DOCTOR:

'Young'? (REALISES) Of course! That tooth. It wasn't a vampire tooth – it was a milk tooth! The Wailer here in the spaceport – it's a baby!

LEAD WAILER:

Return baby. Doctor dies.

DOCTOR:

I think you mean 'Return the baby or the Doctor dies'. At least I hope you do.

(FX: LEAD WAILER BLASTS A LIGHT FITTING IN FRUSTRATION. IT EXPLODES.)

All right, all right! No need to get so tetchy about it.

LEAD WAILER:

Doctor steals our young. Doctor dies.

DOCTOR:

'Our'? So we're onto possessives now. That's something at least. Look, I've only just arrived here myself. I've not even seen your young, let alone had time to steal him. Though I'm sure he's a fine boy.

LEAD WAILER:

Doctor calls our young he. Doctor dies.

(FX: WAILER LASER BLAST AND ANOTHER LIGHT OUT)

DOCTOR:

She, then. A fine girl.

LEAD WAILER:

(GETTING FURIOUS) Doctor return our young. Doctor dies.

DOCTOR:

Now, now. Don't get your whatever-it-is-you-haves in a twist.

(FX: SEVERAL WAILER LASERS)

SCENE 73: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Warning. Weapons fire detected in Arrivals.

GALPAN:

(IN PAIN) Oh, wonderful! Let's see if we can't all kill each other in the fifteen minutes before we all go up in smoke.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Warning. Damage detected. Walls being realigned to shield protected areas.

SCENE 74: INT. CONCOURSE BY ARRIVALS

(FX: WALLS MOVING)

PRETTY:

The walls are breathing again!

NAYSMITH:

Nothing's breathing, Pretty. The walls are being moved: the Doctor explained it.

(FX: BARRAGE OF WAILER FIRE, PURSUING THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

(OFF, RUNNING TOWARDS US) Naysmith! The door!

NAYSMITH:

Quick! Grab it before it's gone.

PRETTY:

(GRABBING THE DOOR) Got it!

(FX: THE DOCTOR RUNS THROUGH THE DOORS)

DOCTOR:

Thank you! Release the door, Pretty. Now!

(FX: PRETTY LETS GO AND THE DOOR SHUTS. THE WALL MOVES AND THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE LESSENS)

(PANTING) Thank you! That was close.

NAYSMITH:

Are you okay?

PRETTY:

What did they say?

DOCTOR:

You don't, by any chance, happen to know where the original Wailer is, do you?

SCENE 75: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Warning. Reactor failure in 15 minutes.

GALPAN:

(FX: STABBING CONTROLS RANDOMLY) Come on! I must have pressed every button there is!

(SUDDENLY:)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Reactor Safety Check Engaged.

GALPAN:

Yes! Finally!

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Reactor Safety Check confirms reactor failure in 15 minutes.

(FX: MEL APPROACHING UP METAL LADDER THROUGH:)

GALPAN:

(DEFEATED) I give up.

MEL:

(FX: CLIMBING OFF LADDER) Never give up!

GALPAN:

You! You're the Doctor's friend! The woman in Arrivals!

MEL:

Mel. And you must be Galpan. Rogers told me about you. You're bleeding!

GALPAN:

I'll survive. Rogers never could keep his mouth shut. Where is he, by the way?

MEL:

Elder Bones shot him. I'm sorry.

GALPAN:

Well, we'll all be dead soon. Director Bones has initiated a reactor meltdown. When it goes down, we go up – the whole spaceport. I've tried to stop it, but nothing works. The Director's the only one who knows how to work the computer.

MEL:

We'll see about that. Budge up!

GALPAN:

You know how this computer works?

MEL:

Not yet, but I programmed in C on Windows one point oh. Believe me, after that you can do anything.

SCENE 76: INT. PROMENADE

(NAYSMITH, DOCTOR AND PRETTY ENTER AT A RUN)

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING TO STOP) The Promenade, I remember this. Which way now?

NAYSMITH:

It's all so different in the light. Platform Three, we need to get to Platform Three.

PRETTY:

We get to Platform Three and – what, we kill the Wailer?

DOCTOR:

No killing! Haven't you learnt anything?

NAYSMITH:

This way, it's this way, I'm sure of it.

(FX: THEY RUN ON)

SCENE 77: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Notice. Tantane Spaceport has forty-seven billion unread messages.

MEL:

I think we'll skip those. (TO GALPAN) Galpan, are you fit enough to monitor that panel for me?

GALPAN:

(PAINED) The spaceport'll be dead before I am. But not by much.

MEL:

I'm trying to dump the systems we don't need. At least I'll be able to see what I'm doing.

GALPAN:

Asset stripping – now that I do understand.

(FX: Bleeps as Mel works controls:)

SCENE 78: INT. STARTRAIN PLATFORM

(FX: DOCTOR ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY NAYSMITH AND PRETTY. THE ORIGINAL WAILER IS UP AHEAD, MOANING IN THE LIGHT)

DOCTOR:

There it is. The poor thing.

NAYSMITH:

Mel thinks they're scared of light.

DOCTOR:

Not just scared of it. I think it might actually hurt them.

PRETTY:

That monster killed my Mum, and you're feeling sorry for it?

DOCTOR:

Can't you see it's only a child?

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. Reactor failure in 12 minutes. All passengers and staff, commence Evacuation.

DOCTOR:

Reactor failure?! Why did that have to happen now?

ELDER BONES:

(APPROACHING FROM OTHER SIDE) Because I wanted it so.

DOCTOR:

You!

(FX: WAILER BEGINS TO MOAN SLIGHTLY – AFRAID OF ELDER BONES)

ELDER BONES:

Don't move! I'm armed.

DOCTOR:

So that's what it's come down to has it? A thug with a gun. Where's the man who led his people for nineteen generations?

NAYSMITH:

He lied to us. Economy and Business – both trusted him and he betrayed us both!

ELDER BONES:

Economy, Business, and this creature – frightened children, all of you. Four hundred years I've spent keeping you all in line. Four hundred long, lonely years! – can you imagine?

PRETTY:

You've killed people, and you expect pity?

DOCTOR:

(DRILY) No, I think he expects you to thank him.

ELDER BONES:

They should thank me! They should be grateful! If it weren't for me – if I'd not been here to show them the way – they'd have descended into savagery, into cannibalism, centuries past!

DOCTOR:

Quite possibly. But then, if you hadn't smuggled the Wailer into the spaceport, if you hadn't plotted to use it as a weapon of terror against the Shargrain – they'd never have been in this pickle in the first place, would they?

ELDER BONES:

You've been talking to them, haven't you? The Wailers?

NAYSMITH:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

He was trying to smuggle the Wailer into the spaceport, to set it loose just as a Shargrain diplomatic ship touched down. Only Tantane Customs spotted them, and the spaceport went into lockdown. The Wailer fleet began its bombardment to get their young one back – and, four hundred years later, here we all are.

(FX: WAILER MOANS SOFTLY)

ELDER BONES:

What does it matter now? This creature's all they want – which makes it my passport out of here.

NAYSMITH:

Take care, Elder Bones. We've seen what even a baby Wailer can do.

ELDER BONES:

Oh, it won't hurt me. It's as pathetically dependent on me as you are. All those precocious initiates I've fed to it, over the years...

PRETTY:

Initiates-?

ELDER BONES:

Only the brightest. Only the ones who asked difficult questions. Don't worry, Pretty, you were never on the menu. But your girlfriend was.

(FX: WAILERS BURST INTO THE CORRIDOR, OFF, WAILING)

PRETTY:

The Wailers! They're coming!

DOCTOR:

Yes, they must have followed us. This is going to be awkward.

LEAD WAILER:

(APPROACHING) Doctor finds our young. Doctor may not die.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. And a modal verb, too. Impressive! Listen: I'm sorry to say, your child has been hurt.

LEAD WAILER:

Doctor hurts our young? Doctor dies!

(FX: MASS OF WAILERS SURGES FORWARD)

DOCTOR:

No, no, you don't understand —

ELDER BONES:

(CHUCKLES) Oh dear, Doctor.

PRETTY:

Wait! It wasn't the Doctor! It was that creature there: the ancient one! The one we call Elder Bones! He stole your child!

LEAD WAILER:

True, this is?

ELDER BONES:

Incontrovertibly true.

LEAD WAILER:

Elder Bones stole our young? Elder Bones dies!

(FX: WAILERS ROAR FORWARD)

DOCTOR:

Pretty, Naysmith, get back.

(FX: LASER BLAST FROM ELDER BONES)

ELDER BONES:

That's close enough! Now, Wailers, let's make a business transaction. Your young for my passage out of here.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Reactor failure in ten minutes.

ELDER BONES:

And let's not dawdle about it, hmm?

SCENE 79: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: BLEEPs AND BUZZES AND ALARMS)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Weapons fire detected in Corridor 3. Risk of atmosphere breach.

MEL:

Now what?

GALPAN:

Means someone's in danger of blowing a hole to the outside.

MEL:

I know what it means. What I don't know is how to stop it.

GALPAN:

Wish I could have got to see the outside. Just once. Before – before I – (FADING)

MEL:

Galpan? Galpan! (RUSHES TO HER).

GALPAN:

Sorry, Mel. I think I've just... retired. (DIES)

MEL:

Oh, Galpan.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Reactor failure in nine minutes.

SCENE 80: INT. STARTRAIN PLATFORM

(FX: SNARLING WAILERS)

LEAD WAILER:

Elder Bones dies!

(FX: LASER BLAST)

ELDER BONES:

I warn you, I don't have many warning shots left! Get back, or it's the child next!

(FX: BABY WAILER WHIMPERS)

DOCTOR:

Elder Bones – I beg you, stop the shooting.

ELDER BONES:

Give me one good reason why I should.

DOCTOR:

You're in danger of breaching the hull of this spaceport. Look: the ceiling's already beginning to show stress fractures!

ELDER BONES:

What's that got to do with anything?

DOCTOR:

The forcefield kept the atmosphere around the spaceport intact. Now it's been lifted. Don't you see? Above us there's only sky.

ELDER BONES:

The vermillion skies of beautiful Tantane! It will be good to see them again, after so many years!

DOCTOR:

They're not there, Elder Bones. After a four-centuries-long plasma barrage there's no atmosphere left. Only a world left barren by you.

ELDER BONES:

Thank you, Doctor. Information is always useful. (ALOUD) You hear that, Wailers? One good blast to the roof and we're all dead! So get back!

DOCTOR:

That wasn't what I meant –

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Welcome to Tantane Spaceport. Reactor failure in seven minutes.

ELDER BONES:

Or we can just wait until the reactor blows? Really, I'm not fussed.

NAYSMITH:

(TO DOCTOR) What does it mean? 'Reactor failure'?

DOCTOR:

'Boom'!

PRETTY:

(SOTTO) Naysmith, we'll all be liquidated if we don't do something! Wait here! I've got an idea.

NAYSMITH:

(SOTTO) Pretty, stay right where [you are]

PRETTY:

(ALoud) I can't take it any more! (FX: LEGGING IT, PAST ELDER BONES) I've got to get out of here.

NAYSMITH:

(CALLING AFTER) Pretty!

ELDER BONES:

Stop right there, boy!

DOCTOR:

Let him go, Elder Bones! You can't spare the charge – remember?

SCENE 81: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: MEL, WORKING FURIOUSLY AT THE CONTROLS)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Reactor Safety Systems require security authorisation Alpha-Alpha-Seven.

MEL:

And what if you don't happen to have security authorisation Alpha-Alpha-Seven?

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Reactor failure in six minutes.

SCENE 82: INT. STARTRAIN PLATFORM

ELDER BONES:

(TO WAILERS) Give me a spaceship out of here, Wailers, and I'll return your child.

LEAD WAILER:

Wailers do not bargain. Elder Bones dies.

DOCTOR:

Wailers – please. Why not just do as he asks? I don't see any way to save all of us, but at least you can save your child.

(BEAT WHILE THE WAILERS CONSIDER)

LEAD WAILER:

Elder Bones wins. Elder Bones will come with Wailers.

ELDER BONES:

Thank you, Doctor! I like your negotiation style.

DOCTOR:

I can't say I care for yours.

(FX: A RUMBLING APPROACHING FROM OFF – THE STARTRAIN COMING DOWN THE TUNNEL. RUMBLINGS OF ALARM FROM WAILERS)

NAYSMITH:

What's that noise? Is it the reactor?

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) I don't think so...!

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Announcement: StarTrain arriving on Platform 3, stopping at all terminals.

ELDER BONES:

(DISTRACTED) What the-?

DOCTOR:

(LEAPING FORWARD) Naysmith, grab his gun!

ELDER BONES:

(STRUGGLING) Get off me!

DOCTOR:

Wailers, it's all over! Take your child and go-!

(FX: BABY WAILER WAILS DELIGHTEDLY AND JOINS THE OTHERS)

(FX: TRAIN PULLS TO A STOP. DOORS SLIDE OPEN)

PRETTY:

(FROM TRAIN) Naysmith, Doctor – quickly, climb aboard!

NAYSMITH:

Pretty? You're driving the StarTrain?

PRETTY:

I remembered – there's power now, right? Come on!!!

LEAD WAILER:

Child is with us now. But Elder Bones does not win.

ELDER BONES:

(STILL STRUGGLING) No. No!

LEAD WAILER:

Elder Bones dies.

DOCTOR:

You've got your child, Wailers. Go! Go now!

(FX: MASS OF SURGING WAILERS)

LEAD WAILER:

Kill Elder Bones!

DOCTOR:

(DRAGGING BONES) Pretty: the doors!

(FX: DOORS SLIDE SHUT. WAILERS SCRAPING, SCRATCHING THE SIDES)

PRETTY:

We're not taking him with us!

NAYSMITH:

(ABOARD) Don't you see, Pretty? We're still going to need him, when all this is done!

DOCTOR:

Let's get out of here before I change my mind.

(FX: TRAIN STARTS MOVING OFF. WAILERS WAIL)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

StarTrain departing. Next stop, Terminal Two.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Warning: Reactor failure in four minutes.

SCENE 83: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Reactor Safety Systems require security authorisation Alpha-Alpha-Seven.

MEL:

If you say that once more I'll pull the plug on you, you stupid machine.

(BEAT)

MEL:

(TO SELF) No. It couldn't be that easy. Could it?

SCENE 84: INT. STARTRAIN

(FX: IN MOTION)

ELDER BONES:

Let go of me, Naysmith. You've ruined everything!

DOCTOR:

I think you should be a little nicer to her, Elder Bones.

ELDER BONES:

I'd made a deal! I concluded the negotiation!

DOCTOR:

You'd have abandoned the spaceport, abandoned all those people, just to escape.

ELDER BONES:

Well, of course I would. The spaceport's got minutes left, are you mad?

NAYSMITH:

Sweet luggage, the reactor! In all the excitement, I'd forgotten about it!

DOCTOR:

I hadn't. (LOUD) Pretty! Step on the gas, would you? We might still have time to shut that reactor down!

(FX: TRAIN STARTS TO SLOW)

DOCTOR:

Not the brake! We need to go faster, not slower!

PRETTY:

(UP FRONT) Nothing I can do, Doctor. It's losing power!

NAYSMITH:

The lights! The lights are going out again-!

(FX: TRAIN STOPS)

DOCTOR:

(THINKING) No power...

PRETTY:

(BURSTING IN FROM DRIVER'S COMPARTMENT AHEAD) The controls, they're locked! What do we do-?

ELDER BONES:

Die in agony, I expect.

(FX: DISTANT ECHOING RUMBLE AS THE WAILER STARSHIP ENGINES BEGIN TO BLAST OFF)

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Thank you for visiting Tantane Spaceport. (SLOWING) There is one departuuuuuuure... (FX: DIES AWAY)

ELDER BONES:

There goes my spaceship.

PRETTY:

With the Wailers onboard.

NAYSMITH:

That's something, at least.

DOCTOR:

"Summer's lease at last has ended..."

ELDER BONES:

Well, what does that mean-?

DOCTOR:

It means, the spaceport's lost its power again.

NAYSMITH:

But the reactor-?

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 85: INT. CONTROL TOWER – CONTROL ROOM

(FX: EVERYONE'S IN. MEL IS CONCLUDING HER EXPLANATION)

MEL:

... and it was only at that point that it occurred to me to pull the plug. Stupid of me not to have thought about it until then.

DOCTOR:

Stupid? No: brilliant! Your timing was impeccable, Mel. Any earlier and the Wailers wouldn't have got their child back. Any later and we'd have been toast. Good work, Mel.

MEL:

Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

But now we need to get the power back on and raise a forcefield.

ELDER BONES:

And in case the Wailers decide to give us a parting blast?

DOCTOR:

They just wanted their child. I don't think they'll be back. No, the forcefield should stabilize the atmosphere immediately outside the spaceport. Your sharp shooting on the train platform could breach the hull at any moment.

(FX: DOCTOR WORKS CONTROLS. POWER STARTS COMING BACK)

There. That should do it.

MEL:

Some of the systems need security authorisations which we don't have.

DOCTOR:

The only one that matters right now is... over there. Naysmith: I wonder if you'd do the honours.

NAYSMITH:

The honours?

DOCTOR:

That blue button, there. Press it could you?

(FX: SHE PUSHES THE BUTTON AND THE SPACEPORT WINDOWS OPEN. THEY ROLL UP LIKE SHUTTERS, VERY HEAVY AND SLOW)

MEL:

Windows! At last!

PRETTY:

What's that? Past the glass! It's dazzling!

DOCTOR:

That, my friend, is sunlight!

NAYSMITH:

It's beautiful.

MEL:

Doesn't look like it does on Earth. But yes, it is rather lovely.

NAYSMITH:

Doctor. Have you opened all the windows?

DOCTOR:

I expect so, yes.

NAYSMITH:

So our people will know. All over the spaceport, everyone will know.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

NAYSMITH:

They'll be frightened.

DOCTOR:

Do you know anyone who can help them?

PRETTY:

Yes: you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Can't. Sorry. Places to go, people to see. I think Naysmith's the person for the job.

NAYSMITH:

Me?

ELDER BONES:

Her?

PRETTY:

Why not? She'd be better at it than you.

ELDER BONES:

I am the leader of Economy and the Director of [Business.]

PRETTY:

You set Economy and Business against each other!

NAYSMITH:

Yes, and both sides will want to kill you, if they find out. So you're going to do exactly what I say from now on, Elder Bones, or I might accidentally let slip what I know about you.

ELDER BONES:

This is blackmail!

NAYSMITH:

This is government. (TO THE DOCTOR) Yes, Doctor, I think I can look after our people – all our people. "I stand ready for the tasks that await me."

DOCTOR:

And who could argue with that?

SCENE 86: INT. ARRIVALS

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

(STARING OUT OF WINDOWS) I can't believe it./
We can see out./
It's beautiful./
It's terrible./
We're stuck here./
We're safe here.

(FX: PRETTY AND NAYSMITH WALKING ACROSS THE ROOM)

PRETTY:

Look at them. Every one of them pressing their grubby noses up against the windows. Typical Economy!

NAYSMITH:

Want to bet your precious Business people are doing anything different?

(ENTER DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

Naysmith, is everybody ready?

NAYSMITH:

Economy are. Pretty says Business will be ready in another hour.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Mel? Bring him through.

(ENTER MEL AND ELDER BONES)

MEL:

Here you go, Elder Bones. Time to shine.

NAYSMITH:

(CALLING TO ALL) We begin!

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

We welcome Elder Bones.

ELDER BONES:

Your welcome is received. It is a momentous day. It is a frightening day. But it is also a day we will move forward.

NAYSMITH:

(QUIETLY, PROMPTING) With Business.

ELDER BONES:

Move forward together with Business.

ECONOMY MEMBERS:

(STARTLED AT THAT) What?/What did he say?/Business?!

ELDER BONES:

I know, my people, I know. But this is a new world and I have faith we will all work together under my guidance, as I have guided you for nineteen generations. [We have much to do. Much we must repair. But we have light, we have power, I have brought us back the Summer and vanquished the Wailer. Never again will Tantane Spaceport be dark.]

(FX: ASIDE, OVER ABOVE:)

NAYSMITH:

Got to give him credit, he's a good talker.

DOCTOR:

You'll probably have to prompt him for a while yet.

NAYSMITH:

I can do that. Much though I hate to admit it, we need him.

DOCTOR:

And he needs you: don't you let him forget it!

NAYSMITH:

Oh I won't!

(FX: WALLS MOVING...)

MEL:

Doctor, the walls are moving again!

DOCTOR:

Yes, I rather think this spaceport wants to see the back of us.

MEL:

(SEEING...) The TARDIS!

PRETTY:

That's your spaceship? That box?

MEL:

And she's not alone. What are all those other spaceships, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS was just the most recent arrival, Mel. Many other ships have been held here. They'll all be freed now. You should use them, Naysmith. Make friends with your galactic neighbours.

NAYSMITH:

Nobody here can fly a starship!

DOCTOR:

It'll take time. But rather less than four hundred years, I think. Besides, Pretty here managed to work out how to drive a train in just a matter of minutes.

PRETTY:

(MODESTLY) Beginner's luck.

DOCTOR:

No such thing, my friend.

MEL:

You'll be fine. Come on, Doctor, let's go before these walls change their mind.

DOCTOR:

Walls don't have minds. Just ears.

MEL:

Ha ha. You know, you should be on a stage – there's one leaving in ten minutes.

NAYSMITH:

Doctor, before you go – Pretty and I, we wanted to give you something, from Duty Free?

DOCTOR:

Oh, there's really no need.

NAYSMITH:

Give me the bag, Pretty. (FX: PLASTIC BAG HANDED OVER) Not even this-?

(FX: DOCTOR PULLS SOMETHING OUT OF BAG)

MEL:

The cuddly cat!

NAYSMITH:

Couldn't let you leave without it.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Naysmith. I'm deeply – (SNIFFS, EMBARRASSED) – yes. (FX: OPENS TARDIS DOOR) Come on, Mel.

MEL:

(TO NAYSMITH) Goodbye, Naysmith. Goodbye, Pretty.

NAYSMITH/PRETTY:

Goodbye.

DOCTOR:

(AT DOOR) Mel! There's a whole galaxy we could be racketing about in, you know!

MEL:

Always. (TAKING THE CAT TOY) Now give me that cat. You know won't look after it properly.

DOCTOR:

I'll have you know I kept a dog in this TARDIS for years!

(THEY ENTER THE TARDIS)

MEL:

A dog! A real dog?

DOCTOR:

Well, no: a robot dog.

MEL:

I knew it!

(FX: DOOR SHUTS. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

THE END